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## EUROPEAN PROSPECTS.

A STATELY funeral has put an end to the ceremonial part of that German mourning the effect of which has been felt not only in Germany, and not least in England, where it partly obscured the rejoicings over the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of WALES. As is usual, necessary, and well, Germany and Europe will now have to turn from mourning and from pageantry to business. Such circumstances as the death of the Emperor WILLIAM and the accession of the Emperor FREDERICK always bring out evidence of that *gobemouche* who exists, and by no means dies young, in more than three-fourths of political critics. His prominence on the present occasion has been of two kinds. There has been some mild wonder and satisfaction expressed that the death of one whose life has for many years been recognized as a strong guarantee of peace has not been followed by any immediate sign of war. Apparently those who thus speak expected the new FREDERICK to plunge at once into some new Silesia, in imitation of his great ancestor. The other symptom is a little less obviously absurd, but hardly more intrinsically reasonable. The Proclamation to the German people and the rescript to Prince BISMARCK appear to have excited the most lively hopes. Signs of "Liberalism" are discerned all over them; signs which, considering that it is the negation of "Liberalism" which has made Germany strong, prosperous, and great, would, if they existed, be of evil augury to all wise Teutons. Peace—as if peace depended on any man's word—is supposed to be more secure than ever. Reactionaries, it is announced with delight, are depressed and sorrowful. The time of men of blood and iron is over, and the blessed dawn of constitutional and Parliamentary government, which means the laborious construction of a certain policy for so many years, and then the laborious frustration and reversal of it for so many more, is appearing in Germany. In short, *redeunt Saturnia regna*. Alas! the Saturnian kingdom has been coming back at the beginning of every new reign and every new régime of every kind for a considerable number of centuries; but somehow or other it has never come.

When the documents are examined with other eyes than those of newspaper Correspondents, anxious for something striking to telegraph, it is impossible to discover in them anything which, in a reasonable mind, can give occasion to any particular hope, or to any particular fear. REHOBOAM was probably the first sovereign to signalize his accession by a frank announcement of the intended substitution of scorpions for whips; and the experiment ended so disastrously that no one, not even JAMES II., has tried it since. Least of all could it be expected that a soldier and statesman of proved ability and well-known principles like the present EMPEROR would do violence at once to common sense, decency, and his own antecedents by issuing, with his dead father yet unburied, a programme breathing fire and fury towards foreigners, arbitrary power and reactionary principles towards his subjects. It was not quite so impossible, but nearly as improbable, that he should encourage idle hopes and provoke not so idle fears by any complaisance towards the windy cries of constitution-mongers and demagogues. Accordingly the actual documents partake very much of the well-known nature of our own QUEEN'S Speeches in their vaguer and more general parts, with, of course, details altered to suit the case. Both the fact of the address of the rescript to Prince BISMARCK and the tenor of the rescript itself dispose of the idle notion that the main pillar of the German Empire is to be dispensed with because of some fantastic crotchet of Liberalism. The Proclamation is on exactly the same lines. That it should be peaceful in tone, or rather in expression, is as much a

matter of course as that it should contain compliments, quite just and reasonable, to the memory of the dead EMPEROR. But the significant reference to German arms in the one document, and the explicit declaration of the undiminished maintenance of the Imperial army and navy, have more meaning than "ingeminations of peace," which are not, and could not have been, much more practical than those of Lord FALKLAND. A "stronghold of peace," if not an ambiguous or a self-contradictory, is certainly a double-edged term. Nor could anything be more distinct than the words in which the EMPEROR proclaims his adhesion to the HOHENZOLLERN theory of the inseparable connexion of prince and people. What that theory is is perfectly well known. It is the negation of the principles, not merely of persons like Messrs. LABOUCHERE and CARNEGIE, but of old-fashioned English Whig constitutionalists. It enjoins on the King, indeed, the sacrifice of all private feelings and pleasures to the welfare of his people, but it insists on the fact that he alone is the judge of what constitutes that welfare, and of the means by which it is to be promoted. As for the promises of protection to art, science, education, and so forth, they are no doubt perfectly sincere; but they are nothing new.

It is not, therefore, at any published declarations or programmes that reasonable people will look for the effect of the change in Berlin, but at the circumstances of the case. Undoubtedly there are changes there. It may have been customary to overvalue the effect of the personal relations between the CZAR and the Emperor WILLIAM; but they existed. The ill-health, regretted by all, both for selfish and unselfish reasons, of the present Emperor FREDERICK must, if nothing else, deter Germany from aggressive enterprises. But of such no one suspected her, except a few irresponsible Frenchmen; and this same ill-health may be a temptation to enemies and must be an additional stimulus to German statesmen to show that it must not be presumed upon. Otherwise, the only necessary or even obvious change is that there is one good German less in Germany, and that another, as good it may be hoped, has taken his place. But the circumstances which have so long disturbed Europe remain in other respects exactly the same. There is the abiding ill-will of the Russian people and of the French people towards Germany. There is the abiding conviction of the CZAR that it is the duty of a Russian Emperor to keep his hand against every man, to enlarge his borders perpetually, and to regard no terms and no treaties that stand in the way of such enlargement. There is the unhealed wound of the Bulgarian question. In respect to this last, indeed, matters are not looking, for the moment, very threatening. The peculiar form of the Turkish despatch on the subject of Prince FERDINAND'S status excited some surprise. But it had this convenience—a convenience in all probability anticipated by the astute persons who drew it up—that it required no answer, except at most a bare acknowledgment of receipt for politeness' sake. A question requires an answer; a command at least suggests some sort of reply intimating compliance or non-compliance. But a mere statement of fact and opinion of fact leaves reply wholly voluntary, and makes the absence of it neither discourteous nor disloyal. The equivalent of a silent bow is all that is necessary. And especially in this new state of things the Bulgarian Ministers and the PRINCE—who is, in the opinion of Constantinople, only half a Prince—would do well to do as little as possible. It is extremely improbable that the new German EMPEROR will volunteer Pomeranian bodies for the defence of Bulgarian soil. But, if he is credited justly with anything, it is with a predilection and respect for constitutional equity as well as for constitutional law. It is certain that Russia has no legal right

to interfere in Bulgaria, and the ingenious pleadings of the CHANCELLOR PRINCE have not exactly established her equitable right. But it is no doubt true that the chief interest of the present moment is less to see how the change of sovereigns affects German policy than to see how it affects Russia; and that has yet to be seen. One of the worst possible effects of LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's foolish words in the House of Commons on Tuesday would be the creation of any idea in the CZAR's mind that it is safe to disregard England in forming his European plans. But Russian statesmen are, as a rule, fairly well informed, and they can tell the CZAR, if he will listen to them, what value is to be attached to the statements of a politician like LORD RANDOLPH when he is out of office, and endeavouring to pose as a more liberal and enlightened statesman than his late colleagues.

#### THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

THE Emperor WILLIAM was one of three contemporary sovereigns who attempted or effected a great extension of their respective dominions. Nearly thirty years ago NAPOLEON III. had attracted to himself the largest share of the attention, if not the admiration, of Europe. The victories of Magenta and Solferino had revived and increased the military reputation of France, and careless observers scarcely understood that the moderate terms of the Peace of Villafranca had been imposed on the French EMPEROR by the threat of Prussian intervention. The annexation of Savoy and Nice in the following year excited well-founded alarm. There was little doubt that NAPOLEON III. had formed a plan for the acquisition of the Rhine provinces by an arrangement which was to include territorial compensation to Prussia at the expense of the smaller German States. It was probably in the hope of furthering his project that the EMPEROR in 1860 proposed a visit to the PRINCE REGENT, afterwards WILLIAM I., at Baden. On his arrival he was profoundly disappointed by finding the chief North German princes assembled to do him honour. When he protested against the general suspicion of his designs, the PRINCE REGENT, while he politely accepted his disclaimer, requested him to communicate his assurances to the REGENT's guests and allies. From this time the French EMPEROR ought to have understood that he had nothing to hope from the divisions of the purely German States; but it was still possible that he might profit by the chronic jealousy between Prussia and Austria. If he had boldly struck in on the side of Austria in 1866, he might perhaps have succeeded in aggrandizing France and in perpetuating the German schism; but he was befooled by a more sagacious diplomatist than himself with hopes or hints which were summarily repudiated as soon as the struggle was decided at Sadowa. It was not believed that King WILLIAM had personally encouraged the ambitious hopes of his dangerous neighbour. He must have heartily agreed with his Minister in the determination not to surrender an inch of German soil. A French aggressor had now to deal not with an inferior adversary, but with the Prussian Kingdom enlarged by the acquisition of Hanover, of Holstein, and of Schleswig, with the North-German Confederation, and, as it soon appeared, with the other German States exclusive of Austria. To a public declaration of the Emperor NAPOLEON that the Southern States were no parties to the national alliance, the Prussian CHANCELLOR replied by the publication of a treaty in which they had bound themselves, not only to join in a defensive war, but to place their armies under the King of Prussia as commander-in-chief.

At every point during the long diplomatic contest the restless French adventurer found himself anticipated and baffled by his resolute adversary. The desperate venture of 1870 was an attempt to retrieve a long series of diplomatic defeats. There is no doubt that, as Regent and as King, WILLIAM I. sincerely desired the maintenance of the minor German dynasties. It was necessary for the common safety that the conduct of foreign affairs should be transferred to the chief of the Confederation, who afterwards accepted from his allies the title of Emperor. Even the King of HANOVER might have been compensated for the loss of his kingdom by the Duchy of Brunswick if he would have consented to recognize the supremacy of the EMPEROR. Of all the disestablished potentates, the recognized claimant to the Elbe Duchies had the strongest reason to complain. It is believed that Prince BISMARCK had difficulty in obtaining the consent of his sovereign to some of the ar-

rangements of 1866. They heartily agreed in making the unity and strength of Germany the main objects of their policy. On the important question of the annexation of a portion of French territory they may perhaps have differed. There could be no question of the right conferred by conquest, and Alsace, if not Lorraine, was ethnologically German, though the inhabitants almost unanimously preferred their French allegiance. Two centuries ago Alsace had been treacherously seized by France; but the defect of title had been cured by lapse of time. Prince BISMARCK held that the Empire would have been the stronger for the exclusion of the two disaffected provinces; but the heads of the army thought that Strasburg and Metz were required for military purposes, and the newly-elected EMPEROR, who was before all things a soldier, probably shared the opinion of his generals. The triumph of Prussia, and the ruinous defeat of the French EMPEROR, were not to be exclusively attributed to differences in ability and character. The union of all Germany, outside the Austrian provinces, into one powerful State was a natural and legitimate operation. During the whole course of modern history the great German nation had been divided against itself; and again and again, in successive generations, a part of the population had allied itself with foreigners, and especially with the rulers of France, against the mass of its countrymen. In no single instance, except for a short time during the last campaigns of NAPOLEON, was the whole strength of Germany combined against an invader. It has consequently become an axiom in the opinion of such statesmen as THIERS that France is injured when Germans no longer consent to be divided, and to be therefore weak. The obvious remedy was to unite Germany under a single head, with the result of making a hostile alliance with a foreigner an act of legal as well as virtual treason.

The policy of NAPOLEON III., from his accession to his fall, was personal, arbitrary, and selfish. At one period of his reign he seemed to hold a splendid position; but he impaired his further chances of success by provoking universal distrust. The German EMPEROR had merely to watch and utilize the force of political gravitation. His rival, afterwards his prisoner, pursued his own interests without regard to national tendencies. A third competitor for fame as a statesman and as a soldier had a far more difficult task than either WILLIAM or NAPOLEON. VICTOR EMMANUEL from his youth was bent on achieving the emancipation of Italy from Austria and her indigenous satellites in the Duchies and in Naples. His own forces were insufficient for the task, but his resolution and his diplomatic subtlety supplied all the defects of his position. He caused the French EMPEROR, whom he regarded with unbounded dislike and contempt, to do his work, and he induced Republican fanatics to assist in the establishment of a constitutional monarchy. The King of Prussia had not only BISMARCK, but MOLTKE and ROON, at his side. The King of SARDINIA had, indeed, CAVOUR, who might compare in ability with BISMARCK; but he also made use of GARIBOLDI, and he overcame or defeated the hostility of MAZZINI. Some of those who had good opportunities of judging believed that VICTOR EMMANUEL could have accomplished his task even without the aid of CAVOUR. It is no disparagement to the first German EMPEROR to say that he could not have dispensed with BISMARCK. The two chief authors of German and Italian unity had some characteristics in common. They were both by natural aptitude and inclination soldiers, though the EMPEROR had none of the roughness and dislike of ceremony which distinguished the Piedmontese mountaineer. Both sovereigns were religious according to the simplest type, though they belonged to different communions. Both were thoroughly to be trusted when they had pledged themselves to any cause. VICTOR EMMANUEL had probably little admiration for Parliamentary government; but he never attempted to tamper with the Constitution which he had created. The German EMPEROR was, perhaps, legally justified in deeming that his own prerogative was still more sacred than the powers of Parliament.

The condemnation of hereditary claims which lately found favour with a considerable minority of the House of Commons derives no support from the history of Prussia. Two centuries have passed since the Great Elector of Brandenburg restored the prosperity of his dominions after the desolation which had been caused by the Thirty Years' War. His son, though his memory has been treated slightly by historians, conferred an inestimable benefit on his family and the State by assuming the Royal title. His



descendants might never have aspired to make a kingdom if they had not first called themselves kings. A part of the coronation ceremony has exercised a marked influence on the constitutional policy of Prussia. It was, perhaps, an anomaly that a sovereign should acquire new prerogatives by the simple device of assuming a crown which he thenceforward proceeded to hold "by the grace of God." The pious formula was not treated as a mere form by the departed KING. When he was crowned, according to custom, at Königsberg, he placed the crown on his own head, in token of his independence of all other human agency. On every fit occasion he afterwards repeated the assertion of his divine right. A mere Elector would probably not have justified on the same grounds a claim to regulate the numbers and the pay of his army in defiance of successive Parliaments. Prince BISMARCK, who may or may not have shared his master's conviction, appreciated its practical utility, and frequently reminded the Parliament of the supernatural origin of the royal power. The first FREDERICK WILLIAM, son of FREDERICK the first King, believed not less reverently in the formula which insured his uncontrolled dominion. FREDERICK the Great, who had few religious or ritual proclivities, took care that his subjects should acknowledge his divine or indefeasible right to govern. The accomplished elder brother of the late EMPEROR also took pleasure in dwelling on the divine right which was acquired at his coronation. It is not surprising that the members of the great House of HOHENZOLLERN should cherish the belief that they are set apart by a providential ordinance. It must be confessed that Nature is more ready than the democracy to recognize the hereditary transmission of governing capacity.

#### THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

A SATISFACTORY debate in the House of Commons on an Indian subject is one of the rarest experiences of the Parliamentary Session, and the debate of Tuesday last, therefore, deserves a white stone. It was, of course, not wholly satisfactory. The attempt made by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to justify the accusations of those friends of Russia who represent him as a person capable of being converted to Russophilism by a visit of a week or two and a few pleasant parties at St. Petersburg is, of course, to be regretted. But it is refreshing to remember that no politician is more convinced of the futility of sticking to any particular utterance. And even Lord RANDOLPH was sound enough on the general question, his reference to Russia being, after all, of the vaguest character, and at least admitting of the interpretation (which we have not the least desire to controvert) that it is quite unnecessary, not to say undesirable, for England to set herself of malice prepense to thwart Russia where no English duty or interest is concerned. Mr. SLAGG and Mr. CAINE and Mr. SMITH exhibited, of course, the invariable and apparently either congenital or judicial incapacity of the ordinary Radical member of Parliament to deal with Imperial questions. Mr. SLAGG's description of the modest process of putting locks on your stable-door as "a policy in mad career," of the mountains of the Khoja Awram as "an unfruitful plain," and so forth, might have been written beforehand by any tolerably skilled parodist. But the victory of the Lancashire manufacturer over the Indian philanthropist shown by Mr. SLAGG's anxiety about the reimposition of "the obnoxious duty on imported cotton goods" was really funny and genuine. Mr. CAINE deserves at least the credit of not attempting to wander after Mr. SLAGG into the unfamiliar region of high politics, and of confining himself to such well-understood subjects as "six quart bottles," wherein he was followed by the philanthropic Mr. SAMUEL SMITH. But all these things were familiar enough and of little enough importance. It was newer and more refreshing to find that the front Opposition bench left the old fallacies of the backward policy to be uttered only by Mr. BRYCE, and that Mr. BRYCE was most moderate and careful in uttering them. It is true that after the experience of the Government to which he belonged such moderation was almost unavoidable. The short title of Mr. GLADSTONE's second and third administrations in history will not improbably be "the Government which in less than seven years' tenure of office did its best to lose Ireland and India." But whereas the efforts in respect to Ireland increased as time went on, those in reference to India followed a happier course. Mr. GLADSTONE lived to hear his own officials confess that they had dis-

approved the policy they were forced to carry out, and to order the resumption, at a vast increase of expense, of the works which he had discontinued. It was unavoidable that even a politician so honest and consistent in certain kinds of unwisdom as Mr. BRYCE should, in such circumstances as these, "sing small."

The speeches of Sir JOHN GORST, of Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, and of Sir EDWARD HAMLEY on the other side were as much to the point, as forcible, and as successful as the speeches of their opponents were vague and uncertain. Those who are intimately acquainted with Indian affairs and with the opinions of the remarkably able administrators, both military and civil, in whose hands for the last year or two India has had the good fortune to be, may find nothing new to them in these expositions. But these very persons will be the first to congratulate themselves and the country on having the facts put before the British public by such an administrator as Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, and by such a soldier as Sir EDWARD HAMLEY. The demonstration which Sir EDWARD made of the general character and necessity of the new works of which the entrenched camp beyond Quetta and the Khojak tunnel are the most important is exceedingly welcome. Lamentable as are the fluctuations of English policy, it is scarcely possible, after the words used by Mr. CHILDERS, that at least the most important parts of the new frontier defence scheme should be interfered with. For, as Mr. CHILDERS himself justly enough remarked, this scheme is a necessary complement, or rather an integral part, of the settlement on the other side of Afghanistan, which was arranged by Mr. GLADSTONE, and perforce carried out by Lord SALISBURY three years ago. The acknowledgment, it is true, comes a little late. For it was always contended here and by all intelligent upholders of the policy of keeping Russia back, that the necessity of costly works of this kind was one of the main objections to the policy of perpetual retreat advocated by Gladstonians, that by a blind trust in "deserts and mountains" we were infallibly bringing ourselves to the position of having to provide artificial substitutes for the deserts and the mountains when they were crossed. But nothing can be further from the desires of any one who understands the question than to indulge in recriminations at this moment. All that we can wish is that the policy of defence which has been elaborated by Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS, and sanctioned by Lord DUFFERIN, should be carried out.

That policy is very simple, is in no sense aggressive, and, so far as it has been already carried, it has met with great success in more than one important point. Whether its supporters do or do not maintain that a grave mistake was made in abandoning Candahar—and we think we may say that both views are represented among them—they do not propose to go back there. The most they propose is to secure the power of getting there before anybody else. They do not advocate the occupation of any new territory, but merely the transformation of the English district of Pishin into a sort of outwork or barbican, capable of being strongly garrisoned and easily reached. The great work of the Khojak tunnel is recommended, not merely to quicken, but to cheapen, the process of concentrating the defence on this point if needful. Sir EDWARD HAMLEY was speaking well within the mark when he said that the whole railway system required might have been made for less than the cost of the baggage animals which were procured and wasted in the last Afghan war, not only at a first cost lavish in itself, but with results disastrous to the districts from which they were drawn. It is argued also, and that not as a matter of probability but of already proved fact, that two great moral advantages are being gained by these operations. It has been constantly contended by the "backwards" that the unpopularity of any military occupation of, or operation in, Afghan territory with the natives outweighs its military advantages. The reply is that for some years past now operations have been going on; that the Afghan tribes in the district not only show no jealousy, but are thoroughly satisfied with the increased employment and facilities for trade which have been given; that dislike of Englishmen has not only not increased, but has very largely diminished, if it has not entirely disappeared. It is argued also that the evidence given of the strength and the neighbourhood of the English, and of their determination, not indeed to advance, but to hold their own, is exactly what is needed in order to prevent the restless dread of Russia and the sense that it is wisest to make terms with her. Now this dread and this sense have been the main instruments of all recent Russian conquests. All this together makes a

very strong case indeed, and its strength could hardly have been better shown than by Mr. BRYCE's finding nothing to say against the tunnel except that he is afraid of being asked to go further when it is made. We had thought that Liberals like Mr. BRYCE were never tired of laughing at the "thin end of the wedge" argument. But that argument could never be more unhappily applied than here. For the great plea for the tunnel is that of itself it will make it unnecessary to go further in time of peace and cheap and easy to prevent the enemy coming further in time of war.

#### THE WEATHER AND THE TIMES.

PERHAPS it was the report on the New York blizzard that stirred an emulative pen in Thursday's *Times* to a wonderful example of newspaper meteorology entitled the "Vicissitudes of Spring." Perhaps the mandate went forth—"Tip in something flowery, of flaming crocus and the windy month of daffodils, of farmy fields, and the cockney joys of spring, of sudden snows and miraculous thaws." The result fairly beats THEODORE HOOK's cunningest parody of LEIGH HUNT's metropolitan style. It is all about the weather changes between Saturday and Wednesday last; a confused chatter about rain, wind, snow, flowers, buds, trees, and the fickle ways of our unhappy climate. There was nothing unusual in the changes of weather that provoked this gush of flabby sentiment and spurious science. They were such as occur every year with more or less well-marked character; but, like every frost, or snowfall, or thunderstorm, they cause as much surprise as an earthquake. If every seasonable phase in the annual round of weather is to bring forth a similar effusion, the old formula, "The Weather and the Parks," will have a formidable rival in "The Weather and the *Times*." Saturday, the 10th of March, was a memorable day, "full of suggestions of Paradise." Your common, or garden observer—your gardener, to wit—would say it was but middling, on the whole; and cautiously add that it promised some sort of weather before night. "The opening buds beat their record of the season, 'violet opened their petals wide to the genial warmth of the sun, the crocus beds blazed forth in Assyrian glory of purple and gold'—not a bad day's work for our sober clime. The reference to the violets is a fine old Cockney notion, and what can be said of buds beating their record? Did they beat time by unseasonably turning themselves inside out, or by marking the rhythmical passage of the breeze? Or, perhaps, it was the flowers, the fastidious violets that "love to live in the sun," that beat their record. "Sunday came, and afterwards Monday"—indisputable, though delicately exact—and "the god of war was in his leonine mood," which means that the wind had veered from S.W. to N.E. Then follows a reflection as portentous as anything in this solemn babbling of wind and weather:—"February fill-dyke has passed, and at its end the water-courses were not filled with water"—they are now, praise be to AQUARIUS!—"without which neither man, beast, nor fowl, to say nothing of the herb that groweth in the field, can by any means thrive." And thus does our chronicler struggle towards Tuesday, the 13th, with unutterable pomp and prodigality of platitude.

"On Tuesday came a great and grievous change. As the shades of night began to fall the windows of heaven were opened, the wild north-easter rushed forth, like a giant, to run his course, and brought a vicious storm of fine snow in his train." Here's a pretty rout of striking images coming with quick vehemence in a hail of words. This is your true fine writing. Nor is the calmer descriptive style wanting. Here is a picture, complete by a few masterly touches, such as artists in black and white and painters who know what is meant by light and shade will delight in:—"Driven snow in spring is another matter. It produces strange half effects. One side of a tree is clothed in white, but on the lee the trunk is black." "Half effects" is good, and good also is the half effect of an etching, or the half effect of light and shade in a painting. On that terrible Tuesday "weathercocks and the like were invisible"; but an "uplifted finger, moistened sailor-wise"—as MASTERMAN READY instructed little WILLIAM SEAGRAVE—brought comfort to the distressed observer. "The cold upon the south-eastern side of the finger told the story of a veering wind." The god of war was beaten, and on the morrow "those who had been full of complaint

"overnight began to understand, with the Laureate, that 'God fulfils himself in many ways.' Wednesday was a nice moist day. The tell-tale finger was right, the wind had veered, and the perturbed chronicle ends in meek resignation.

#### LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE Local Government Bill will be introduced on Monday, and it is too late to make practical suggestions in the hope of any immediate result. Mr. RITCHIE, to whom the Bill is entrusted, will have a difficult task; but the great importance of the measure will render his colleagues as well as himself responsible for its conduct through the House of Commons. They have had sufficient notice of the intentions of the Opposition. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL will almost certainly discourage obstruction and offer the Government every facility for alarming or alienating its own supporters. On suitable occasions amendments will be proposed for the purpose of detaching, if possible, from the majority the more Radical section of the Liberal-Unionists; but there is reason to believe that the Bill will disappoint its assailants by the popular nature of its main provisions. There is no longer any useful purpose to be served by inquiring whether it was judicious to attempt organic legislation in the absence of any general demand for a change. All parties have, with more or less sincerity, pledged themselves to a policy which some of their members may have approved. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH and his predecessor, Sir MASSEY LOPES, obtained large majorities in favour of motions for the relief of ratepayers at the expense of the national revenue; and they and their supporters must have foreseen that such a change would involve a readjustment of the machinery of local taxation. Successive Ministries have declared that the question must be considered as a whole; and in all discussions on the subject it has been assumed that the assessment and expenditure of the rates must be transferred to some elected body. A fanciful grievance was thought to require a practical remedy; and it could not be denied that the fiscal powers of Justices in Quarter Sessions were anomalous, though they had been honestly and prudently administered. It seemed, on the whole, logically, if not practically, necessary to recast the ancient system of local or rural government, and the present Government thought it necessary to prove that its own tenure of power was not an impediment to legislation. If the faint and fitful demand for new municipal institutions had been disregarded, it would perhaps have assumed more formidable dimensions. No other change of equal importance could be proposed which would not have been still more inconsistent with Conservative opinion. Lord SALISBURY has perhaps consulted the interests of the party by introducing a Local Government Bill.

As the fiscal and administrative business of the counties will be withdrawn from the control of the magistrates, it will probably not be thought worth while to preserve the judicial functions of Quarter Sessions. The hearing of appeals and the trial of prisoners are ordinarily conducted by the Chairman, with the formal assistance of two or three of his colleagues. The appointment of a professional judge of the rank of a Recorder would enable Parliament to relieve the judges of assize of a portion of their labours by extending the jurisdiction of Quarter Sessions. The most convenient and economical plan would be to transfer the duties to the County Court Judges, with perhaps a reasonable increase of salary, and in some cases it might be necessary to make an addition to their number. No change in the jurisdiction of Petty Sessions, or of magistrates acting singly, is likely to be included in the Bill, but zealous democrats will perhaps take the opportunity of denouncing unpaid magistrates in counties, though they may tolerate their existence in municipal boroughs. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN when he was Chancellor of the Duchy introduced the more than questionable innovation of placing working-men in the Commission of the Peace. If party fanaticism should induce other official Radicals to follow the precedent, it would be obviously expedient to disestablish functionaries who would be almost always incompetent to the discharge of their duties. It would be highly inconvenient to entrust to a local Caucus the nomination, or rather the recommendation, of candidates for the office of justice. The preference given in boroughs to the supporters of the Government for the time being has often caused dissatisfaction and scandal. The systematic adoption of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's party policy would soon become intolerable.



Neither Conservative nor Liberal Ministers had previously been in the habit of publicly boasting that they had exercised their power of appointing judicial functionaries for political purposes. Of the more important parts of the forthcoming Bill the gentry, however unpalatable they may find the change, have no right to complain. They have themselves been the principal promoters of the injudicious movement against the present arrangement of local taxation. Under the new dispensation they will probably have heavier burdens to bear, because the local expenditure will no longer be managed as at present by the largest ratepayers.

One of the most difficult questions connected with local government will relate to the appointment of a licensing authority. The best tribunal which could be selected for the purpose is that which already exists. County magistrates have the merit of being comparatively impartial, and, for the most part, dispassionate. Those of them who are interested in public-houses are legally disqualified from acting, and the remainder are better qualified for the duty than any body constituted by popular election. Country gentlemen never frequent public-houses, and for the most part they keep aloof from the United Kingdom Alliance and similar bodies. Being neither drunkards nor fanatics, they would be at liberty, if their powers were somewhat enlarged, to consult the interests and wishes of the population. As the law has been hitherto understood, they have thought themselves compelled to renew existing licences in the absence of complaint against the actual holders. If they were entitled to exercise discretion, they might often make mistakes; but no alternative tribunal would be either preferable or equally deserving of confidence. It is, nevertheless, useless to recommend the continuance of a system which is loudly denounced by a formidable body of agitators. In his answer to a deputation which he lately received, Mr. RITCHIE seemed to imply an intention of transferring the power of granting licences to the new County Boards. The delegates clamorously demanded a reference in every case to a popular vote. A majority might, as they hoped, be found in every district to impose compulsory abstinence on a sober minority. As in other cases, modern politicians are anxious to restrict or to abolish the representative system, which not long since was universally applauded as the greatest of modern political discoveries. Legislation by mobs and riots suits better the purposes of demagogues; and they think it especially applicable to a subject which has excited an extraordinary amount of passionate excitement. Mr. RITCHIE declined to propose an incessant succession of plebiscites in every county and parish, and he endeavoured to convince the deputation that it would be a strange proceeding to create representative bodies, and then to overrule their decision by the votes of their constituents. His arguments were unanswerable, and unacceptable to his audience; but, if the Bill gives the Local Councils a veto on the issue of licences, it will incur the risk of injuriously affecting all the other portions of the scheme. The temperance agitators never cease to assert the paramount importance of their favourite object; and, if the grant or the refusal of licences in any district depends upon the action of the governing body, the municipal elections will turn almost exclusively on the question of compulsory abstinence. It would be impossible to devise a more effective method of excluding the fittest candidates from local office. The battle will be fought between the sectaries on one side and the publicans and their habitual customers on the other. The successful combatants will be satisfied with redeeming their pledges to their supporters, without too carefully qualifying themselves for the discharge of their more important duties. The project of reforming the House of Lords by filling its ranks with elected County Chairmen would, if possible, be rendered still more absurd if the new dignitaries had recently been elected with a mandate to encourage or suppress the sale of alcoholic liquors. It is possible that the Government may have discovered the risk of dealing with licences, and a rumour that that part of the measure is to be postponed may rest on some solid foundation.

The business to which the Government and Parliament are about to apply themselves is, in some respects, unprecedented. The Reform Bill of 1832, though it effected a political revolution, might be said to be simpler than the Local Government Bill. The composition of the House of Commons was remodelled, but its functions and powers were unchanged, and the community at large had always been familiar with the processes of Parliamentary government. The County Councils are novel inventions, and their patrons can only judge by conjecture how they are likely to work.

It may be found that, after a time, it will be necessary to pay the Chairmen, if not the ordinary members, of the Councils. Their disposition to thrift, to extravagance, or to judicious liberality, cannot be confidently anticipated. If they are elected on the basis of household suffrage, the constituency will perhaps be interested rather in a free expenditure of corporate funds than in rigid economy. A more restricted franchise, on the other hand, would not be sufficiently popular, and indeed it might probably be rejected by the House of Commons. The objection of novelty is obviously not conclusive; but it justifies caution and moderation in the conduct as well as in the construction of the Bill. Mr. RITCHIE, who is not known as an ambitious orator, will probably introduce the Bill in a practical speech containing a clear explanation of its provisions. There will be little reason to regret the absence of eloquent dissertations on the dignity and the educational tendency of local government. Vestrymen and county councillors are useful in their way, and they are not the less to be esteemed because they have seldom aspired to be statesmen. The best argument which can be urged in favour of a Local Government Bill is that the urban municipalities have been on the whole successful. It is to be hoped that the Bill will not introduce any change into their constitution or their powers. It will certainly not confer on the County Boards any right of interference with the boroughs within their limits. The attempt to make the boundaries of counties and Unions coincide seems to have been judiciously abandoned; but it apparently implies a purpose of giving the County Boards some share in Poor-law administration. Such a proposal seems likely to raise unnecessary difficulties. Boards of Guardians know their own business, and they will not readily submit to any external authority except the Local Government Board. The overlapping of areas and the intersection of boundaries are for the most part but imaginary evils.

#### THE P.R.

IT has been said that the "prize-fight" which recently took place at Chantilly has conclusively proved, if proof were wanted, that a revival of the "Noble Art" is impossible. This may or may not be the case. Perhaps such a revival is eminently undesirable; perhaps, on the other hand, it would, in the long run, be found less demoralizing than the practice of sentimental journalism or, for that matter, any other expression of the new morality. Be this as it may, it is certain that pugilism is illegal, and that the enactment in its disfavour should either be repealed, or should be carried out, in the spirit as in the letter, as rigorously and exactly as possible. It is useless to wait for the principals in a prize-fight. MITCHELL and SULLIVAN, like SMITH and GREENFIELD and KILRAIN before them, trained quietly in England, crossed the Channel, did their business on French soil, and, being taken into custody and liberated on bail, found it to their interest to forfeit their recognizances, and come home. The law must be more alert than that, or, as BUMBLE puts it, "the law 'is a hass.'" If, as Mr. MATTHEWS is inclined to believe, it is as punishable to publish a challenge as it is to take part, whether as principals or accessories, in an actual fight, then the scandal of last Saturday becomes all the more flagrant, and the torpor of the Administration all the more reprehensible and amazing. It is said on all sides, and with truth, that the case of SULLIVAN v. MITCHELL has done much to discredit the Ring; but there can be no question that it has done still more to discredit authority, and that it is as good an example of the national vice of Pecksniffism—i.e. the trick of preaching one morality and practising another—as has often been witnessed.

#### THE NAVY.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON has every reason to be satisfied with the progress of his fight for his policy up to the present. If his foes have been those of his own household, they have not deserved the character usually attributed to a man's domestic enemies. They have not been very dangerous. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, who seems to have left all his Saxon behind him in the Admiralty, has praised his late chief where blame might have been damaging, and has blamed him only on a point where all is

matter of opinion and theory. Such criticism is not very serious. To be sure, Lord CHARLES was debarred from finding much fault; for on his own showing he must be held to have approved of everything which he did not condemn in minutes of extreme violence. But external criticism has been equally absent, and in its place there has been very general praise for the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, who is beginning a new era of efficiency and economy. What Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has done in the way of increasing rapidity of construction, and so forth, ought to be recognized, and was duly commended here long before the publication of his Memorandum. The praise asked for that document and its appendices, and pretty freely given too, is a proof of the persistence of an old superstition. If public opinion were, as thoughtful persons say it ought to be, moulded by experience, we are afraid that these documents would be much more coolly received. These rearrangements of Admiralty accounts, re-namings of departments, and shifting round of functions are no new things. There have been very many of them during the last two generations, and several even within the last ten years. All were to have begun new eras of efficiency and economy. In a little while, however, it was always found that, the more the Admiralty was changed, the more it was the same. Good bookkeeping is an excellent thing as far as it goes, and possibly the new system of arranging the Navy Estimates may have acceptable business results. But, when that is allowed, it is still true that little is really gained unless we are to have the clear conception of what the naval policy of the country ought to be on the part of the Admiralty, and the corresponding distinctness of intention and intelligence of criticism on the part of the House of Commons which would have given us a sufficient navy under any of the forms of our changing system.

There is very little either in the well-praised Memorandum, or in the consequent proceedings in the House, to show that the needful "vivifying touch" is about to be supplied. Lord GEORGE's statement is a businesslike paper, quite equal to the yearly report of a railway Company in point of arrangement. It certainly shows that a good deal has been done of late, not so much to put the navy into a satisfactory state as to work it up from a condition of dangerous and disgraceful weakness. This is not denied on any side, but when it is examined for signs of the naval policy which is to save us in the future from renewed panics and repetitions of our unending changes of system, some faith is required to find them. It has the old Admiralty stamp on it much too visibly to be convincing. There is the same determination to do the least possible, the same excess of delight in saving for saving's sake, though there is more pride than of old in the amount of work done. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's comparison between the English and foreign navies may be taken as fully justified (for purposes of argument), and yet the conclusion he draws from it need not be accepted. The conclusion we mean is not his argumentative one, that our navy is strong enough, but the other and practical one which takes the form of a determination to build no more heavy battle-ships for the present. We do not expect to see the sun of England go down for ever because our navy is not demonstrably capable of overwhelming any possible hostile combination. No doubt in former times we have been comparatively less strong than we are at this moment. In 1793, for instance, our navy was just equal in numbers to the united French and Spaniards, and our ships, as a rule, were smaller and less heavily armed. But then we began that war with Spain on our side, and France utterly disorganized by the Revolution. When at present the fitness of the navy for its work is under consideration, it is not taken for granted that we shall go to war with the third naval Power in Europe on our side against the second, fighting single-handed, and in a state of anarchy into the bargain. The supposition, on the contrary, is that England should be prepared to meet an effective coalition. If that supposition is a sound one, it is manifestly unwise to fix our strength at the lowest figure that will do. No margin is allowed for accident, no reserve provided, and of all the ways of bringing about another panic in peace, to say nothing of war, this is the surest. The section of the Memorandum which deals with naval ordnance gives another instance of this miserly and, in the long run, wasteful manner of equipping the service. Several big ships are waiting for their guns, which are dropping in by batches of two and three. Of course on the sudden outbreak of war this would mean that for months these vessels would lie uselessly in dock; for, even if they were

armed with old ordnance, time would be required to change their fittings. The present Board cannot be held responsible for the actual state of things. The determination to adopt the breech-loading system was taken late; and accidents—so called—which are not yet forgotten, suspended the manufacture of the new ordnance when it had actually been begun. But, if Lord GEORGE and his colleagues are free from blame for the past, they are responsible for the future. We cannot see any sign that they are preparing to secure a sufficient supply of the new weapons. Heavy cannon for the line-of-battle ships have been ordered in just sufficient quantities to supply the ships actually in course of construction. Here, again, in armament, as in ships, there is to be no reserve. The minimum is provided for peace, and no provision is made for the waste of war. Guns may be struck and disabled in action. Recent experience does not show that they enjoy conspicuous strength of constitution, even in peace, and no preparation is being made to supply more than can just be mounted. Behind them there will be nothing. This is precisely the fault against which Sir WALTER SCOTT, wiser for others than for himself, warned his friend TERRY. It is the neglect to provide "the ready" wherewith to meet contingencies which has always been the fault of the Admiralty. Until it is amended we look for little good from improved methods of bookkeeping.

The discussions in the House of Commons do not show that Parliamentary criticism is in a more hopeful state than Admiralty policy. Monday night was wasted in what was very little better than vague and purposeless talk, and Thursday was spent to no better purpose. The speech with which Lord CHARLES BERESFORD introduced his amendment was partly devoted to an explanation of his theatrical retirement, which in reality adds nothing to what was already known. As for the amendment itself, it is difficult to discuss with any satisfaction, simply because it is impossible to make out from their professions what the mover and supporters would really be at. We may guess that they would like to see the quill-driving clerks under the orders of an honest sailor. This is, no doubt, the esoteric meaning of the words "That the allocation of 'authority [in the Admiralty] requires entire reform.'" This is a view like another. When we get to their speeches, however, we find they want a different and ill-defined, thing. They do not profess to desire to take the navy from under the control of Parliament, or to diminish the authority of the First Lord. None the less they want, in some way, to put Parliament, and the First Lord too, into leading-strings, to be held by experts. The two things are incompatible. Without stopping to inquire whether experts would necessarily supply a consistent policy or good administration—which is not a matter of course—we point out that, if the First Lord is to be master, he must be obeyed. The only guarantee that his power will be well used is that Parliament should have an enlightened desire to possess a good navy, and that the First Lord should be taught that it is his interest to consult its wish.

#### BOULANGISME.

THE last contribution of France to the political vocabulary of Europe has not been received with all the attention which is its due. *Boulangisme* is the word, and a newspaper has been started to preach it. This organ, the *Cocarde*, is reported to be dull, and there is every probability that the adjective is deserved. An amusing journalist is not to be found at every street corner, even in Paris; and believers in *Boulangisme* have no better luck in that way than others. But, happily for a large and important part of the human race, it is very possible to get on in the world without wit. The staff of the *Cocarde* may expound the *Boulangisme* of General BOULANGER to admiring and confiding hearers with not the less success because they do not make too great a demand on their powers of appreciating "esprit." What their body of doctrine may be when it is fully expounded we can afford to wait to see. In the meantime the world can make use of the evidence before it, and form its opinion of *Boulangisme* from known facts. For the rest, a new political principle is not a thing to be despised; and a gentleman who can survive so much as General BOULANGER, and whose mere name, written by a practical joker in a visitors' book, can set half Paris in a flutter, is a very important person indeed. The General's



dismissal has, as a matter of course, been greeted with a pretty loud chorus to the effect that now at last the bubble is pricked and the NAPOLEON *de café-concert* on his way to oblivion. We think we have heard something like this before, and yet here he is. The blue spectacles and the limp are no worse than the AUMALE letters. If the Opportunist Deputies have indeed been congratulating one another on the remarkable energy of Government, it may be remembered that their idea of energy is somewhat peculiar. The measure taken against him is, in fact, a recognition of his importance; and, considering what very small persons he has to fight, it will not be at all surprising if General BOULANGER is found fighting successfully for his great principle for many a day yet.

To judge from the General's career, we imagine Boulangisme to be something like this. It is the art of making the utmost possible noise over the smallest possible amount of work, of becoming famous by show, of appealing to fine sentiments, or to ignoble, by claptrap, of playing to any gallery which is likely to applaud and can be wheedled into paying for its seat, of parading hazy but grandiose-looking schemes without the least regard to the possibility of carrying them into effect. To be sure, this is not an absolute novelty, even in France; and there are many professors of Boulangisme who are not followers of General BOULANGER. When the Budget Committee of the Chamber recommends that the budget of the Church should be suppressed, although it knows perfectly well that a majority has voted in favour of retaining it—that is Boulangisme. It is claptrap, played to please the Radical gallery. When M. DE LESSERS, with a flood of fine phrases about the mission of France, asks people to lend him 600,000,000 francs at any interest, and then promises to guarantee the loan by borrowing another 150,000,000 francs and investing them at 3 per cent., that also is Boulangisme. It is even a fine example, for it includes the bazziness, the grandiosity, the claptrap, and the practical dishonesty. When a theatrical manager and fireman are sentenced to fine and imprisonment for carelessly causing the death of many scores of persons, and are then acquitted by the Supreme Court on the ground that they were not proved to be careless, here, also, there are traces of Boulangisme. The lower court obtained a cheap reputation for austerity by inflicting penalties it knew the superior court would remit, and so it satisfied a public clamour at no cost. In due course M. WILSON and his accomplices, having figured in a first, will figure in a second course of Boulangisme. Boulangisme is the talk about the virtuous calmness of Paris on the death of the Emperor WILLIAM; as if anything else would not have been absolutely contemptible. Boulangisme is the scolding of Bulgaria for its revolutionary disregard of the rights of Europe; as if France had a claim to deliver that lecture, or as if we did not all know to what gallery that claptrap is played. To be sure, General BOULANGER did not invent all this, but that is only to his advantage. It is no small thing to give your name to a common practice. In politics he who can do it shows that his popularity has a deep and wide basis. Besides, is it not the best of all ways to secure fame to do a little better than others what all others are doing? General BOULANGER has played the universal game better than any other, it is only right that he should give his name to it. What Frenchman has become famous so cheaply, and by such pure show? Who has so boldly done ignoble things to please the mob? Who has outlined so much? He is the only man in France who has a party which will act spontaneously for him. His allies, too, are winning. In the Côte-d'Or a Radical has replaced M. CARNOT. Extreme Radicals have also carried the day in La Haute-Marne and the Bouches-du-Rhône. Altogether, it looks more unwise than ever for the superior person to sniff at General BOULANGER. There are the makings in that man of the next Copper Captain.

#### HOSTS IN THEMSELVES.

THERE is a kind of complacency so innocent that it disarms ridicule, and we feel ourselves in its presence in reading Mr. O'BRIEN's speech to the Notables who have just entertained him and his "fellow victims" at dinner. "Who would have thought two years ago," exclaimed Mr. O'BRIEN, in effect, "that we Irish members would be sitting here among you gentlemen, and drinking our sherry-wine at the tables of the great?" He and his friends, he said, to quote his precise words, "were men

"whom Mr. BALFOUR had spared no effort, fair or foul, to stain with degradation, and with contamination with criminals; and yet here they were received and welcomed as princes in the capital of England's industry and England's greatness." The "capital of" &c. has, of course, very little to do with it, since the dispensing of hospitality at Manchester is, presumably, no exclusive privilege of the distinguished, and we suppose that anybody may give a dinner there to anybody else whom it pleases him to invite. Mr. O'BRIEN's meaning was that his hosts were representative of their city, and that England's greatness was, to some extent, so reflected, at any rate through its Manchester variety, in their persons. Now Mr. O'BRIEN is an Irishman, or, in other words, he belongs to a race of men who have sometimes been accused of saying pretty things which they do not altogether mean, so that we ought perhaps to make a little deduction for "blarney." But, on the whole, the sentence we have quoted impresses one with an effect of sincerity. One cannot resist the conviction that the exultation of the man who uttered it is at any rate more than half genuine, and that he really felt, and not feigned, those emotions of pride with which he looked round upon the "haffable gentlemen who had stretched out the 'and of brotherhood' to himself and his fellows. Before simplicity so sacred as this even cynicism itself might bare the head. If it is credible—and, as we have pointed out, we really think it is credible—that Mr. O'BRIEN is speaking in good faith, or to a great extent in that spirit, then indeed must we cease to wonder that he and his Separatist friends have so long been feeding their minds with the delusion that the "English people is with them." Those who entertain so grotesque a conception of what is representative and influential among an English political party with which they are now in constant contact must be hopelessly incapable of distinguishing valuable from worthless manifestations of opinion on the national scale.

There was one, and only one, remarkable feature about the banquet given to Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN, and Mr. WILFRID BLUNT in the Manchester Free Trade Hall; and that, no doubt, is capable, by judicious statistical treatment, of being made to appear somewhat impressive. The board was graced by one-half of the peers, not being ex-Ministers, who have declared themselves in favour of Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy. That is to say, Lord CAVAN was present at the dinner; and it only wanted the addition of the other one to complete the set of non-official Gladstonian peers. But perhaps the other half of this aristocratic party of salvation—the nobleman who plays JOHNNY DODDS of Farthing's Acre to the DAVIE DEANS of Lord CAVAN—has been guilty of a "right-hand defection" or a "left-hand falling off," and has reduced the true Church to a compact communion of one. The "anti-Union Roll" of peers is easily called, in any case; and as for the commoners who assembled to greet the Irish patriots, what are we to say of them? Here are their names—Mr. JAMES STANSFELD, M.P.; Mr. R. LEAKE, M.P.; Sir H. E. ROSCOE, M.P.; Mr. J. T. BRUNNER, M.P.; and, at the head of the table, Mr. C. E. SCHWANN, M.P. The first name on the list requires, of course, no ceremonies of introduction. Mr. STANSFELD is well known, and his exact status may perhaps be best defined by saying that he stands in the same relation to an ex-Minister of importance as Mr. BRUNNER and Mr. SCHWANN do to important private members of Parliament. Mr. BRUNNER is a little more notorious than Mr. SCHWANN from having ascended the Irish stump for a brief period before the Mitchelstown meeting, and having descended it with signal promptitude after that incident. As to the gentleman who sat at the head of the table, and to the "worthy Vice," and to the other representatives of the "capital of England's industry and England's greatness," it would be inexact to say that their names are altogether unknown to the public; for they occur regularly in lists printed by most of the newspapers after important divisions, and, for aught we know, they may thereby have become as familiar in the mouths of all Englishmen as household words. But unless that has occurred, their highly respectable names will convey no clear-cut and strongly marked conception of their individualities to the average mind of their fellow-countrymen. Yet there are some private members of Parliament on the Gladstonian side of the House whose names do convey a conception of the kind, just as there are several ex-Ministers who have impressed themselves more forcibly on the national imagination than Mr. STANSFELD. Why were none of these present? By what extraordinary concurrence of

mischances—by what combination of colds in the head, attacks of gout, sprained ankles, previous dinner engagements, urgent private business—were they one and all prevented from attending?

#### THE OATHS BILL.

THE debate on the Oaths Bill on Wednesday was, no doubt, in the French sense, *digne*; it was certainly, in the English sense, dull. We shall do our best to avoid dullness in dealing with it; but we shall trust not to avoid dignity. It is to be regretted that the statement of the objections to the measure was not, in the first place, undertaken by some more competent speakers than Mr. LEIGHTON and Mr. DE LISLE, though the task was, to some extent, afterwards performed by Mr. DARLING and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. No Parnellite member undertook to justify the singular change of conduct of that party on the matter—a change which has no parallel in that minority of the Conservatives which either abstained or voted for the Bill. It has been said by some Gladstonians that Conservatives have “changed their minds”—a saying only to be justified by the severe trials of experience and opinion to which the Gladstonian party has been subjected in the last thirty months, and which may excuse some forgetfulness of facts. Those facts are very simple. Had such a Bill as the present been brought in seven or eight years ago as a consequence of the general knowledge that the Parliamentary oath was constantly being taken in vain, it would have been difficult for many orthodox Conservatives to oppose it. The actual course of events was quite different. Mr. BRADLAUGH, having been elected for Northampton, chose, for purposes of his own which it is quite unnecessary to discuss here, to give the House of Commons the information that he was a person on whom the oath would not be binding. His demand to affirm having been given against him by the proper authorities, he then proposed to take the oath, and, in default of tender, endeavoured to administer it to himself. Indignation at this proceeding, and perhaps even stronger indignation at the constant refusal of the Prime Minister of the day either to pronounce boldly for Mr. BRADLAUGH or honestly against him, led to a succession of scenes in which the sense of decency of the House of Commons was vindicated. And, finally, when Mr. GLADSTONE was at last awakened to the discreditable nature of his conduct, the intolerable character of the *privilegium* thus proposed still prevented the House from passing it. But with the lapse of the Government and the Parliament of 1880 that technical knowledge of Mr. BRADLAUGH's beliefs or no-beliefs which had made his exclusion possible lapsed likewise, and he took the oath as he might have done years before. The question thus fell back to its earlier stage, with an added argument for some kind of new settlement. It became more than ever clear that no person willing to take the oath could be excluded, and that persons by whom the oath ought never to be taken were likely to present themselves in increasing numbers. The course proper to take in such a condition of things could not possibly be affected by the course which had been taken in a condition quite different. Apparently some considerable questions remain to be debated in Committee, especially the very important one whether, in at least inferior cases, the oath as an oath does not exercise a salutary influence. But it may at least be granted that no one who has been elected member of the House of Commons, and who is willing to take an oath the terms of which are to him gibberish, can be kept out by the present law. And it may perhaps be added that after recent experiences the House of Commons can hardly fear more undesirable members under a scheme of latitude than those whom a scheme of tests has let in.

#### FORTIFICATIONS.

THE exact value of the argument against a public inquiry into the state of our national defences, which takes the form of a complaint that it would betray our weak spots to a possible enemy, is neatly illustrated by the recently published Report on the fortification of our ports. A glance at it ought to convert any one who may still be on the other side to agreement with Sir H. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, to whom we find we have attributed a more thoroughgoing approval of the military policy of the Ministry than it

received from him. He did, in fact, express a conviction that possible enemies knew our weakness too well already, and a willingness to vote more money to make them good than the Ministry had thought necessary to ask for. From the Report it is abundantly clear that our fortifications are one great weak spot altogether. Even Malta and Gibraltar—ports of war which should be at all times in a condition to repel attack—are in need of fresh outlay to make them thoroughly sound. They are, however, in a comparatively favourable condition. A fortified place may be imperfect, and may yet be able to make a long and a good fight. At home things are worse than they are in the Mediterranean. The Committee which drew up the Report was convinced that even Portsmouth was not quite safe against sudden attack. The members of the Committee were unquestionably right in believing that the destruction of our chief arsenal might be decisive in a great war; and, as long as it could not be trusted to stand by itself, there would be an absolute necessity for keeping a squadron to look after it, which is another way of saying that it would be a burden instead of a help. Other naval ports are in an even weaker condition, and, as for the purely commercial sea-towns, we have hardly made a beginning in the work of fortifying them. The very mouths of the Thames and Medway are not safe, since an enemy could take up a position from which Chatham could be shelled with little or no danger to himself. For these and many other equally convincing reasons, the Committee has come to the conclusion that the fortifications are not in a satisfactory condition and ought to be strengthened. It may be observed that all this is, and long has been, the secret of Punch. Comment has been made on it here and elsewhere often enough, and assuredly it is all as familiar as his glove to our possible enemy.

Our esteemed and right-thinking contemporary the *Standard* has improved recent events, and asked itself what the Emperor WILLIAM would have said to it all. We think we know; and also what he would have done. He would have said it was disgraceful; and would have taken the money to put it right, though the House of Commons squalled never so loud. At least that is what he would have done if he had held here the position he did in Prussia. But then neither he nor any man held, or could have held, that position in this country; and so it is useless to speculate what his course would be in these circumstances. It is more to the point to ask what our course ought to be. Here there is more hope of coming to a result, though it is not so great as some may think. By far the worst part of our constant naval and military failures is the difficulty of imagining any change in our methods which will secure permanent intelligent management of our national defence. The House of Commons is generally willing to vote money when it is seriously asked for. The country is not indifferent to its safety. On the contrary, it is very nervous about it, and liable to wild panics, as was seen when the Duke of WELLINGTON's letter was published, and again in *The Battle of Dorking* times. Yet, in spite of good intentions and good will, we seem unable to get our navy and army seriously treated, except by fits and starts. There will not improbably now be another spasm of fear, another brief period of frantic digging, building, gun-casting, and of launching of ships. Work will be done, and much of it will be good. But, when the fit is over, who will guarantee that there will not be another spell of idleness, another interval of neglect, leading up to another panic? That, of course, is the most favourable view of it for us. It might lead to a national disaster. Until we secure this permanent watchfulness and constant care to keep the services up to the level of efficiency required for their work we have done little. Not even the reforms which are to cause the sublime head of Mr. STANHOPE to touch the stars and to make Lord GEORGE HAMILTON immortal will be enough. Perhaps not the worst way of securing them is indicated in the sea-song:—

Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Confians  
You sent us beef and beer,  
Now Monsieur's beat we've nought to eat  
Since you have nought to fear.

Let us keep up a wholesome fear by publicity, by yearly statements, showing exactly how things stand, and then if the beef and beer are not supplied, on our heads be it.



## TWO PEERS ON THE SITUATION.

THE Duke of ARGYLL and Lord ROSEBURY have been severally demonstrating that vigorous capacity for public affairs which, when displayed by members of the Upper House, excites so strange a mixture of fear and jealousy in the Radical breast. The former has been addressing a meeting of the Liberal-Unionist Association at Cambridge; the latter has been entertained at dinner by an East-End political club. Upon the DUKE the situation in which he found himself, and the particular audience which he was addressing, appear to have produced a somewhat uncomfortable impression of novelty, and there was a certain constraint about his opening remarks which is unusual with so practised a speaker. Rousing himself, however, by memories of Bannockburn, on which historic spot he tells us that he has recently stood and "shouted for joy," the DUKE went on to point out with new vigour and effectiveness the familiar contrast between Scottish and Irish history, both as regards the resistance respectively offered by the two races to English conquest and to Imperial incorporation. Passing thence to a general review of the Unionists' position and the attacks upon it, the Duke of ARGYLL delivered himself of a most destructive reply to a favourite argument of Mr. MORLEY and his school. It is impossible to say anything new about the Home Rule question, either on one side or the other, and the main line of reasoning to which the DUKE's reply belongs is familiar enough. But the specific application of it in this instance has a peculiar force and freshness of its own. The whole weight of Mr. MORLEY's contention on behalf of the Separation policy, in his speech at the Oxford Union, reposed upon the assumed incompetence of the Imperial Parliament to deal with the avowed and admitted political needs of Ireland. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE's plan—and, indeed, all plans put forward by his party—would involve the creation of a statutory Parliament, and the Legislature which is to frame the statute declaring and limiting the powers of this Irish Parliament is the very assembly which the authors of the scheme declare to be "utterly incompetent to deal with the needs of Ireland." This, too, is no mere rhetorical *reductio ad absurdum*. It is not as if the Imperial Parliament could safeguard Imperial interests by a few broad statutory provisions which need not necessarily infringe on Irish claims to local autonomy in particular matters. On the contrary, Imperial demands and Particularist pretensions are found in conflict at every turn; the question of fiscal policy is a sufficient illustration of that. There cannot be the slightest doubt that any constituent Act creating a statutory Parliament in Ireland would have, even in the hands of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, come into collision with the alleged "needs of Ireland." And what, as the Duke of ARGYLL asks, is likely to be the permanence of a Constitution so drawn up?

Lord ROSEBURY, we are glad to see, is in good spirits. This is a matter of no little importance; for Lord ROSEBURY, now that Mr. LABOUCHERE has, politically speaking, "found religion," is the only member of the Gladstonian party who is able to infuse any humour of a lighter quality than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's into political discussion. He is quite the "agreeable Rattle" of the Radical Club. At the Bow and Bromley dinner, however, he was hardly perhaps in his best form, and his jokes were occasionally of that order which is more pleasing to the joker's opponents than to his friends, who sit wondering whether his wit is unconsciously left-handed, or whether he is silly poking fun at his audience. We doubt, for instance, whether the bold Bowmen quite knew what to make of their guest's enlogism on adversity and its sweet uses, or felt altogether sure that he was serious in declaring his opinion that they had "every reason to congratulate themselves on the present position of the Liberal party." If this, however, was irony, it will not compare in point of subtlety with what followed. If Gladstonians find a difficulty in agreeing with Lord ROSEBURY that their state is the more gracious for these late defeats, their perplexity is as nothing to that with which a Unionist will listen to his account of their present wrongs. They are, it seems, subjected to every form of calumny and misrepresentation; and, as soon as the case is presented in the day, weeds are planted in the night, and the diligent Liberal has a task of almost superhuman difficulty and gravity in pulling them up in the morning. A more exact description, on the topsy-turvy principle, of what takes place with respect to the proceedings of the Government in Ireland it would have been impossible to frame. One would really think that Lord ROSEBURY had

been recently passing some of his nights in the office of an Irish Nationalist newspaper, and that it was from this experience that his humorous imagination had derived the hint of this most audacious jest. His review of the comparative electoral fortunes of the Unionist and Separatist parties was apparently meant to be serious, and his comments on the Gladstonian defeats at Doncaster and Deptford seem intended for *bond fide* explanations of these events. But in that case his observations on Mr. BLUNT's failure were singularly infelicitous. If Mr. BLUNT was beaten because he was speechless and in prison, it must be remembered that it was only by getting himself imprisoned and silenced that he procured his selection as a candidate at all. This, however, is in thorough keeping with the usual Parnellite desire for the glories of martyrdom dissociated from its inconveniences. Mr. BLUNT was glad to get all the votes he could attract by his mute and helpless appeal to the sympathies of the Deptford electors, and at the same time takes it ill that he should lose any of their votes by being unable to canvass them in person. As to Doncaster, Lord ROSEBURY admits with agreeable candour that "his knowledge of the district was not acquired in 'political circumstances'; but, without knowing any more about Doncaster than the result of the last race for the St. Leger, he might still have avoided the singularly inept criticism which he hazarded on the recent election. It is, no doubt, true that the name of FITZWILLIAM is a name which it is difficult to beat in this district; but *Ruff's Guide*—we mean *Dod's Parliamentary Companion*—would have told Lord ROSEBURY, if he had consulted it, that the name of FITZWILLIAM, and, what is more, a name with the same initials as those of the late winner, was defeated on the Liberal-Unionist platform at the election of 1886.

With the future prospects of his party Lord ROSEBURY deals in the same light and airy fashion as with their past vicissitudes and their present fortunes. The kind of cheerfulness which he displays has, no doubt, a physically infectious element about it, and may so far have tended to raise the spirits of his hearers. But those among them who examined his utterances for any substantial grounds of reassurance contained in them must have been a little disappointed. His admissions against his party were generous, even, as some of his hearers may have thought, to the point of imprudence, and there was little or nothing to set against them. "It is quite true," he said, "that our Home Rule scheme was [or, according to the revised version, 'might have been'] a bad scheme, and our land scheme was a bad scheme, but that was what we went out upon. The Tories," he continues, "had all the time an 'alternative scheme, which was not coercion, but which 'has turned out to be nothing else.' The statement, of course, is one of the 'weeds' which Lord ROSEBURY planted at Bow last Wednesday night, and which has to be pulled up as part of the next morning's work of the Unionists; but let that pass. The Tories, it appears, have a scheme, by Lord ROSEBURY's own admission—a scheme which they do not admit to be bad, which the country has not so far pronounced bad, and which they have consequently not yet 'gone out upon.' The only thing, therefore, which could have consoled the men of Bow for these damaging confessions would have been a confident declaration on Lord ROSEBURY's part that the Gladstonians had not only given up their old 'bad scheme,' but had devised another which should 'go one better' than the Tory scheme. But Lord ROSEBURY does not say this, or anything approaching to this. He says mildly that 'it is very difficult to know 'what the constituencies think. We go down to the 'constituencies and we see enthusiastic meetings of Liberals 'who are entirely with us; and I have no doubt our 'opponents go down and see enthusiastic meetings of 'Conservatives who are thoroughly with them. Therefore, 'it is very difficult to test the matter till we come to a 'general election.' Surely this is rather cold comfort. What Gladstonian Clubs want to be told is, not that they will know what the result of the litigation is when the jury give their verdict, but that they have reason to think that that verdict will be in their favour. They must feel, too, that even a general election is little likely to turn the tables on their adversary, unless the 'bad scheme' can in the meantime be replaced by a good one. And of any such replacement, or of any the most distant hope of it, there is not, and has not been at any time since Mr. GLADSTONE's bad scheme was rejected, even the shadow of a sign.

## THE OPERATION OF THE CLOSURE RULE.

IT was edifying to observe the promptitude with which Mr. BRADLAUGH intervened last Wednesday afternoon with a motion for the closure of the debate on the second reading of his Oaths Bill. There was, it is true, no general desire on the part of a majority of the House to "talk out" the measure, otherwise, of course, Mr. BRADLAUGH's motion would not have been carried. But it is probable enough that one or two of the opponents of the legislative proposal would have adopted this means of getting rid of it, and its promoter therefore was only resorting to a natural and legitimate precaution. We may admit, also, that Mr. BRADLAUGH himself has never been among the noisier opponents of the "muzzling rule." He sits, however, in the midst of a party who have never ceased to denounce the engine of Ministerial oppression which they now find to lend itself with perfect impartiality to the protection of a Bill which meets with almost all its opposition on the Ministerial side of the House. Their future attitude towards the Closure Rule will now probably undergo something of that favourable change which is noticeable in the demeanour of the man who has won his first stake at it towards an unfamiliar game at cards.

The combination of the new midnight rule with that of the Closure has also produced very satisfactory results. It has attained its object of shortening discussion on particular subjects, as well as of limiting debate in general, with hardly any friction. The first hitch—if, indeed, it can be called so—which has occurred in its operation took place last Thursday night, when Mr. SMITH interposed at half-past eleven o'clock to bring some rather desultory talk on the Civil Service Estimates to a close by the motion that the question be now put. Mr. DILLON, who was about to address the House when Mr. SMITH rose, is nowadays, of course, a person of too much importance to be snuffed out like any ordinary member, and Mr. DILLON accordingly threatened a little later on to vindicate his offended dignity by opposing the order of the day for going into Committee of Ways and Means. He complained of the want of courtesy displayed by the Leader of the House, which, it appeared, had also been keenly felt by that "sensitive plant" of the Parnellite *parterre*, Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY. To them were also added Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who "thought that the right hon. gentleman might have postponed his Closure motion for a quarter of an hour." He was proceeding to support this proposition by another which carefully and completely begged the whole question in dispute, when he too was offended by some Ministerialist ignoramus who did not understand the dialectic figure of *petitio principii*, and cried "Oh!" "If that," said Sir WILLIAM severely, "was the spirit shown by hon. gentlemen opposite"—a ribald spirit which can only jeer when an opponent kindly assumes the proposition which he has got to prove—he (Sir WILLIAM) "could give no further assistance in the matter. He was going to appeal to Mr. DILLON to withdraw his objection," but now—And Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT resumed his seat with an air which said plainly that the blood of those who laugh at *petitiones principii* must be upon their own heads. Mr. DILLON did not press his objection, but Mr. BIGGAR did, and the order for going into Committee of Ways and Means stood over. Of course Mr. SMITH's answer to the absurd charge of discourtesy was simple and complete. He moved the Closure at 11.30 because he knew that there must be two divisions if the motion was resisted. The motion was resisted; there were two divisions, and it was the very fact of the time spent in taking these two divisions which delayed the next order till after 12 o'clock, and thus enabled Mr. DILLON to oppose and Mr. BIGGAR to prevent its being taken. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's unkindly-treated argument was to the effect that since, as it was, the main question was only voted by 12 o'clock, "the leader of the House might have allowed the discussion to have continued till a quarter before the hour, and then have relied upon getting the vote." But that is exactly what Mr. SMITH could not rely upon. He had no reason to believe, and no right to assume, that the Closure motion would be resisted—as in fact it was—whenever it was made; and, if it were, it would then be too late to take a vote on the main question. Mr. DILLON and the Parnellites in general, including Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, have the remedy in their own hands. They have only to let it be understood that they will not resist these motions of Closure, or at any rate not divide the House upon them, when brought

forward, and they will be allowed to talk for a quarter of an hour longer every lawful night. If they will not enter into any such understanding, then they must consent to have their talk reduced by that amount of time. The thing is simplicity itself.

## THE CONVERSION PROPOSALS.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer's scheme for the conversion of the Debt has three great merits which recommend it alike to the public man and to the capitalist. It does not increase the capital of the Debt, and yet it effects a very considerable saving for the taxpayers. From April of next year the annual reduction in interest, assuming that the scheme is completely successful, will amount to as much as 1,400,000*l.*, or nearly equivalent to the yield of a three-farthings Income-tax; and fourteen years later a further saving of the same amount will be effected. In fifteen years, therefore, the total saving will amount to about 2,800,000*l.* per annum, or not far short of the present yield of a three-half-penny Income-tax. And this very handsome saving is secured without any burden being imposed upon the taxpayer, unless, indeed, we count as such the trifling bonus of five shillings per cent. which is to be granted to holders of Consols who voluntarily accept. Secondly, the scheme provides for the creation of one great stock of about 560 millions. This is the feature that specially recommends it to bankers, for we can hardly overrate the value to bankers of a British Government stock of such an enormous amount as to ensure always a free and ready market. Such a stock, indeed, makes up almost for the loss of interest that has to be suffered. And, thirdly, the scheme is as considerate towards fundholders as is possible consistently with the main object of conversion. In other words, the reduction of interest is made gradually. For twelve months the fundholder receives the full 3 per cent. interest; then for fourteen years his interest is cut down only by a quarter per cent., and it is not until fifteen years have elapsed from the present time that the final reduction to 2½ per cent. is accomplished. Having these three great merits, it is reasonably certain that the scheme will succeed; but, of course, there are objectors, and principally the holders of the New Threes think that they have a grievance. Our readers are by this time doubtless familiar with the division of the Three per Cents into three great stocks—New Threes, Reduced Threes, and Consols. The first of these only is redeemable without notice, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken advantage of this to propose that holders of New Threes who do not expressly signify their dissent by the 29th of the present month will be held to have assented. Not a few holders think that this is unjust; but we need hardly say that their complaint is entirely unfounded. When the New Threes were created, a guarantee was given that they should not be converted before 1874; but, on the other hand, it was expressly stipulated that afterwards they might be converted without notice, and that the reservation was meant to be acted upon was clear from the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day had, just as Mr. Goschen does now, assumed assent where dissent was not expressed. Mr. Goschen, therefore, is merely acting upon the right reserved half a century ago, and is acting, moreover, upon well-established precedents. Indeed, he would have exposed himself to almost certain defeat if he had not adopted this expedient, or else entered into an arrangement with the banks to provide him with the means of paying off all fundholders who refused to assent. Generally it is found that where people are perplexed as to whether they ought or ought not to do a thing, they end by doing nothing. When Mr. Childers made his conversion proposals, he left the option to the holders of New Threes as well as to the holders of Reduced and Consols, and their doing nothing rendered his scheme practically abortive. Now, however, their doing nothing ensures the conversion of New Threes. The conversion of Reduced Threes seems also to be reasonably certain. The Reduced stock is a small one that can be very easily managed, and, therefore, there is little doubt that the bulk of it will be converted.

There is some doubt as to whether holders of Consols generally will convert. Consols constitute a very large stock—about 330 millions—and it seems to many that, if the holders simply refuse to convert, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be helpless to overcome their resistance, and will have to offer better terms. Indeed, a meeting of bankers has been held, and, it is understood, has decided to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a modification of his proposals. Still we are inclined to think that Consols also will be converted. The new Two and three-quarters per cent. stock is quoted at about 101½. It is, therefore, obviously better for a holder of Consols to accept a new stock which is at a premium of 1½ than to be paid off at par; and, further, it is obvious that, if Consol holders generally were so dissatisfied with the proposals that they threw their stock upon the market in unmanageably large masses, the price must have gone down under par. As a matter of fact, however, Consols remain well over par. Judging by the course of the market, then, it seems to us evident that Consol holders are making up their minds to accept the inevitable; and, as reasonable men, they, in fact, have no option but to do so. For years past the accumulation of wealth and the growing scarcity of new



investments have been sending up the prices of securities of all kinds. Consols, however, as Mr. Goschen showed last week, have not risen in anything like the same proportion as other securities—mainly because for years past it has been foreseen that conversion was inevitable when once Consols had stood well above par for years together, and the higher Consols went the more inevitable became conversion. How great has been the rise in other securities may be seen from two or three examples. Thus, in the beginning of March 1878 London and North-Western Four per cent. Debenture stock stood at 107, it is now 134, a rise of about 27 per cent. in ten years. Metropolitan Board of Works Three and a half per cent. stock at the same time stood at 102; now it is about 113; while New South Wales Fours have risen from par to 108. United States bonds ten years ago varied in interest from 4½ per cent. to 6 per cent., and the prices ranged from 103 to 107; now the Four per Cents, which cannot be called in and redeemed at par for nineteen years, stand at 127. From these examples it is evident that if the holders of Consols were to sell very largely for the purpose of buying securities that yield a better rate of interest, they would drive up the prices of those other securities so extravagantly against themselves that they would find themselves worse off than they are at present. Indeed, the mere prospect that selling upon a large scale would take place has caused an extraordinary rise this week. As we have already stated, London and North-Western Four per cent. Debenture stock now stands at a price which barely yields 3 per cent. on the money invested; Midland Threes are at par; Indian Three per cent. Sterling stock is almost at par; and London and North-Western Ordinary stock yields at the present price, assuming the dividend of this year to be equal to that of last year, about 3½ per cent. Granted that some of the rise was speculative, it is still evident from the course of the Stock Exchange since Friday last that buying upon a very large scale—such as must ensue if there were large sellings of Consols—would send up prices inordinately. But clearly it is not worth the while of the Consol holder to sell his stock, which will in the present year yield him 3½ per cent., and for fourteen years succeeding 2½ per cent., if he cannot get a higher rate of interest on the securities which he purchases. Even now, however, as we have just been pointing out, such stocks as London and North-Western Four per cent. Debentures, Midland Threes, and Indian Threes yield him no more than 3 per cent. A little further rise would bring the yield down to the level of the new Government stock to be created.

There was another point brought out very clearly in Mr. Goschen's speech last Friday which has gone far to ensure the success of his proposals. It had been assumed that, if the Government gave notice of redemption, it would be bound to redeem the whole of the stock to which notice had been given. For example, it was assumed that Consols or New Threes, if notice was given to the holders of either, must all be redeemed together. Mr. Goschen was careful to point out that this rested on a complete misconception; that, on the contrary, the law very clearly lays down that less than a certain amount must not be redeemed, but that it says nothing of redeeming the whole, making the inference very strong indeed that the redemption of the whole was never contemplated. And Mr. Goschen expressed his own undoubted opinion that the Government has the right to pay off the Debt in whatever proportions it pleases. Accordingly he asks Parliament to enact that, if there are dissentients, they may be paid off in the manner and at the time that Parliament may decide. This clearly gives the Chancellor of the Exchequer a great advantage in dealing with the fundholders. He may give notice of redemption in however small an amount he pleases. For example, if, as is generally assumed, the great majority of the holders of the Reduced Threes should signify their assent, while the holders of Consols should refuse to convert, then Mr. Goschen would be able to give a year's notice to the holders of Consols, and to pay them off in dribbles at a time. There would, of course, be difficulties as to deciding as to who was to be paid first; but that is a matter of detail which would offer no serious obstacle. Some reasonable and equitable plan would doubtless be found, and when once it was found, Consol holders would perceive that they stood in the position which the holders of the Three per Cents occupied in the United States recently—that is to say, the Treasury could call in and redeem in monthly, or quarterly, or half-yearly amounts, just as it found convenient. And that he has the means of doing this Mr. Goschen was also at pains to explain. He showed that he has sixty millions of Savings Bank money to apply to redemption; that he can borrow on Treasury and Exchequer bills and Exchequer bonds; and that he can also issue new Two and three-quarter per cent. stock for the purpose of paying off dissentient Consol holders. Bearing all this in mind, it seems clear that the holders of Consols will recognize that it is impossible to resist conversion, and that therefore they will accept the proposals made to them. As we have pointed out above, the proposals in themselves are as considerate towards the fundholders as can be devised; they are fair, in fact, both to the State and to its creditors. It is not likely that better terms will be offered in the future; while it is certain that, if peace is preserved, and Mr. Goschen proceeds, as he intimated, to pay off by piecemeal dissentient holders, they will fare worse than they would do by accepting the present proposals. In the City, though there is some doubt, the prevalent opinion is that the majority of Consol holders will convert. There has, as we have said, been a marked rise in all sound securities this week, and the rise even for a while ex-

tended to the speculative classes of securities. In the sound securities the rise is likely to be maintained, for many holders of Consols will doubtless sell, while Consols are well over par, for the purpose of securing a better interest elsewhere; but that the rise can go much further is not probable, for, as we pointed out above, the really sound investments, such as trustees could purchase, are now at such prices that they yield very little more interest than 2½ per cent.

#### THE FRENZY OF HENRY LABOUCHERE.

THE folly-drawer of the political philosopher is very full this week, even without transferring to it any of the contents of drawers not strictly political. The latter process might induce a polite inquiry to a writer in the *Daily News* why the work of a Frenchman (and such a Frenchman!) should be spoken of, as "Rameau's *Neffe*," which is the title of its German translation. But there is no need thus to digress. The drawer is full of its proper occupants. There is Mr. Gladstone referring to Mr. Bright, in a semi-American, semi-unintelligible fashion, as "your great Rochdale patriarch," and refusing to commit the folly (of which no one who knows him ever thought him guilty) of attempting by any public expostulation to wipe off the stain of infamy which has been fixed on him in the Gordon matter. There is Mr. Shaw Lefevre, whom Sir Frederick Milner has "drawn" in a published correspondence with the same patience, skill, and success which Mr. Herbert Gladstone and others have experienced before. There is Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, indeed, appears twice over in the drawer. There is his letter to the people of Deptford, in which he states that, if he had been elected, the Ministry of Lord Salisbury would have "fallen." To think of that now! It was not more stiff than that! You had only to put Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, ex-Conservative, in the place of Mr. Evelyn, ditto, ditto, and *voilà*, as the old French story has it, *un pauvre ministère perdu!* But the angel of death did not spread his wings on that blast, and the fatal Mr. Wilfrid Blunt could not display his fatality. Then we have Mr. Wilfrid Blunt again at Manchester giving his version of the celebrated conversation with Mr. Balfour, and a very curious version it is. For it now appears that Mr. Balfour never, even by Mr. Blunt's account, said in so many words anything like that which he was accused of saying on Mr. Blunt's authority, and that the anonymous lady who kindly volunteered the information that she heard it said must be a myth or a Sapphira. For Mr. Blunt only "gathered" from "several" conversations that the fiendish intentions of the base, bloody, and brutal Mr. Balfour were so and so. And we need hardly say that nobody is responsible for what any one else chooses to "gather" from his words. There are yet other pleasing things in our drawer; yet such is our respect for Mr. Labouchere that we put them all aside in favour of him.

For, as we have several times pointed out, we are almost tremblingly alive to any symptoms of—well, let us say—of Gladstonitis or Gladstonitis in Mr. Labouchere. They are all gone into the world of blight, all those valiant sons of heroes. Sir George Trevelyan, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, to the dark Tower have they come, and not returned—at least in anything like their original likeness. The horrible inquiry of the scotter—*si un Gladstonien peut avoir de l'esprit*—has more and more come to be answered by a sorrowful shake of the head. Only Mr. Labouchere made head against the malign influence, and that with increasing signs—which readers of the *Saturday Review* have had affectionately pointed out—of approaching catastrophe. It reminds one of that noble passage at the end of *Marmion*:—

\*[But perhaps this would excite unmitigated grief to Henry.] Tunstall lies dead upon the field,  
His life-blood stains the spotless shield;  
Edmund \* is down; my life is left,  
The Admiral alone is left.

And the Admiral—the admiral of the good flag-ship *Veritas*—shows the most alarming signs of succumbing. A letter to A. F. Bruton, Esq., which is published in the *Daily News* of Wednesday, is a nearer approach to the Frenzy of John Dennis than anything else we know, except one striking parallel to be mentioned presently. "We have now in power," says Mr. Labouchere, "a number of men whose views on foreign and domestic matters are entirely at variance with those of the nation," which in some incomprehensible way has nevertheless put them to look after foreign and domestic matters. "In order to retain power they work stealthily, pretending to concur in the national view, but in reality endeavouring, as far as they can, to run counter to it." A most parlous feat of gymnastics! "They have, therefore [and, without running counter, we heartily concur with Mr. Labouchere here] to be carefully watched," and, fortunately, here is one Henry Labouchere ("man talent") to do it. "They are desirous to meddle in European affairs which do not concern us, and would, if they were left alone [but I, Henry Labouchere, I am there also], give pledges which would make us parties to a European war. Moreover they hate France because that country has shown that it may be as safe and prosperous [and have six Ministries a year, aye, and everything handsome about it] under a Republican form of government as under a Monarchical form. Lord Salisbury is himself a weak man [not like me!], and when he negotiates with Germany he becomes a mere catpaw of Prince Bismarck [*Foi de*

*Labouchere*; that is so!]. A more dangerous thing than the continuance in power of a Government affecting, to a certain extent, Liberal principles, and doing its best to neutralize and injure those principles, cannot be conceived. To retain power, and to stave off the Democratic wave which every day [especially at Deptford, and Doncaster, and Dundee] is gaining strength at home, I verily believe that Lord Salisbury, his colleagues, his followers, and the traitors [oh fie! Mr. Labouchere], who, calling themselves Liberals, support him, will plunge us into a European war, were they faced with the alternatives of defeat at home or war abroad."

Now this is really a shocking state of things; that is to say, either the state of Mr. Labouchere or the state of England is shocking. We had thought that nothing but the celebrated mishap of John Dennis, Esq., could equal it; but a person of prehensile genius points out to us a passage in the late Mr. Charles Reade's *A Terrible Temptation* which is exactly parallel. "Mr. Williams," this remarkable passage runs, "says that a machine has been constructed for malignant purposes called an Air Loom. . . . It was invented and is worked by a gang of villains. . . . The gang are seven in number, but Williams has only seen the four highest—Bill, the King, a master of the art of Magnetic Impregnation [Lord Salisbury, whose scientific attainments are well known]; Jack, the Schoolmaster, shorthand writer to the gang [probably Mr. Goschen]; Sir Archy, Chief Liar to the Association [obviously Mr. Arthur Balfour; see Mr. Blunt and Mr. O'Brien *passim*]; and the Glove-woman, so called from her always wearing cotton mittens. This personage has never been known to speak to any one. [This is a little like Mr. W. H. Smith, but may admit of other adaptations]." The rest of the passage is too long to quote, but Mr. Williams (to whom, by-the-bye, Reade owed one of his many skilful adaptations of documents) was clearly of the mind of Mr. Labouchere; and, if any one will consult the original (Chapter XXVIII.), he will find all about it. Pray Heaven that Mr. Labouchere be not "kited" or "lobster-cracked"!—horrid operations which the other gang performed on their victims, just as Mr. Balfour untrousered Mr. O'Brien. But perhaps he has been kited already. For we read that this horror "lifts an idea into the brain, where it floats and undulates for hours together." That was what it evidently did to Mr. Labouchere before he tried to deliver himself of it by denouncing the traitors, the war-plungers, and all the rest of it.

His struggles against the fiends and his determination not to be subject to them are most gallant and touching. We take from a sympathizing paper the following summary of Mr. Labouchere's approaching exertions on the Army and Civil Service Estimates. He will move to diminish Vote 1 in order to bring on the question of Egypt. He will move to diminish Vote 3 in order to bring on the question of Mr. Marriott. He will disendow the Duke of Cambridge on Vote 16. He is going to attack in their pockets, if such things have them, the Royal parks, the Royal palaces, the House of Lords, the First Lord of the Treasury, the stationers, the printers, and the recipients of knighthood medals. We should not be surprised if he inquires whether seven mops are issued to seven maids at Whitehall and St. James's instead of (by a corrupt arrangement with the mop-mongers) fourteen as at present. But this feverish activity will deceive no one. It is the influence of the Gang working on Mr. Labouchere, and, in the very moment when he seems to be fighting for the cause of his country, making that cause ridiculous in the eyes of men and angels.

Seriously, the letter which we have quoted, practically in full, above, is one of the very funniest, or one of the saddest, documents ever written. If Mr. Labouchere has deliberately written down to the level of the New Town and North-West Ham Liberal and Radical Club, to whose political Secretary it is addressed, we beg leave to make him our chalarous felicitations. Never wordsmith—not Horace, not James, not Sydney—hammered out a cleverer thing; and we very much doubt whether since the fate of the poor lady who was allowed by a villainous British Government to be knouted by six drummers of the Preobajinsky regiment just off Piccadilly, any such discovery of baseness on the part of a British Ministry has been made by a British humorist. The number of men whom the nation, entirely at variance with them, has sent to power by a majority of some hundred; their stealthy combination of concurrence and counter-currency; their hatred of France; the catspawkiness of Lord Salisbury, with the terrible Bismarck in the distance; the staving of the wave (you can wave a stave, we grant; but can you stave a wave?); the traitors who call themselves Liberals; and the awful consequences which are going to come the day after to-morrow or, by'r lady! Tuesday, are all like the immortal roly-poly pudding—they are "really too good." But what if Mr. Labouchere really means all this rignamole, all this nonsense of the lowest and stupidest public-house orator? Why, then, we are confronted with a very curious state of things indeed, and it behoves every Gladstonian who would not become an innocent to look to his own brains very carefully indeed. For with hollaing and singing of anthems to Mr. Gladstone you may apparently lose more than your voice—lose something much more precious and necessary. Heaven forbid that this loss should have happened, or be going to happen, to Mr. Labouchere; but, upon our word, it looks uncommonly like it.

#### ITALIAN WORKMEN IN THE ALPS.

IT cannot be said that life in a small Alpine village is very exciting during the winter months. In fact, it is rather slow. In the second-rate inns the young men assemble, drink, sing, howl, and fight with each other, according to the hour of the night; in the better establishments, where such diversions are discouraged, the doors are usually closed at nine o'clock. If the host has a pretty daughter, a few young men will drop in about seven and seat themselves at the far end of the table; but, except by signs and tokens, they rarely venture to give any expression to their passion in the presence of a stranger. They smile sheepishly and drink their wine quietly. If any one addresses them, they act as if an important religious rite had been interrupted. The meek and gentle answer in monosyllables and return to their wine with a sigh, the more energetic speak loudly and sharply; all give you to understand that they do not desire your conversation, and that the less you say the better they will be pleased.

If you happen to have an affection for your host's daughter, this is the best opportunity of gaining her heart. Approach her airily and talk jestingly with her in an undertone. She is sure to laugh, and everybody present will think she is laughing at him. If you make use of this stratagem, however, you had better not walk alone through the village after nightfall for the next few months. In case you are a peaceable old man, you had better drink your wine as silently and look as sheepish as you can. You may gain friends, and will certainly make no enemies by doing so.

Occasionally a belated Italian drops in during the early winter months, in much the same way as a tired bird of passage settles on a ship. Treat him kindly, as the sailors do the bird, and you may find much to interest you in him. He is at once acute and credulous. He has lived under conditions and come into relations that are perfectly closed to every educated man. If you pay for his wine and humour his fancies you may, therefore, find that you have entertained, if not exactly an angel, at least an interesting acquaintance unawares. You may almost always spend an amusing hour with a man of this sort. If he has no fairy tale or ghost story to tell—and this is rarely the case—he knows by a bitter experience the life of a travelling workman, which is at times almost as strange and romantic, though its thrilling incidents are separated from each other by intervals of the dullest prose; and if he is worth his salt he will dwell chiefly on the humorous episodes, for a good Italian workman is never sentimental, as Heine, with much justice, remarks that German wanderers of this class almost always are. He possesses tact enough to render it safe to talk freely with him; and, though his opinion of human nature is not high, he is never cynical. Let him depart, therefore, with the best of blessings and a few extra coppers in his pocket, though you know his purse is filled with silver florins.

These Italian workmen are an interesting part of Alpine village life. In the spring they wander up from the plains, and stay wherever they find work to do. Their character for skill, industry, sobriety, and thrift stands very high. They live simply and save almost everything they earn. When the winter comes round again, they return to their wives and children, who have in all probability been meanwhile employed in cultivating the few poor fields which they possess or are able to rent, and the money they bring with them enables many an Italian family to live in comparative comfort which would otherwise be reduced to the verge of starvation. As they are for the most employed in some branch of the building trade, their winter holiday is no great business loss; the wandering life which they lead lends them a quite peculiar character. As Northern Italians they are acute, and as skilled workmen they understand their trade, but they generally speak the language of the district in which they settle during the summer months, whether it be German or Slav, with some difficulty, though they soon learn to understand it well. This, of course, renders them rather clannish wherever two or three are gathered together. But in their lonely walks to and fro over the mountain passes, they acquire a reticence as to their own private affairs which is unusual in their nation, and a talent for observing and remembering all that they see or hear which is rare anywhere. The reason of their silence is the inborn dislike of the Italian to show himself in an unfavourable light by endeavouring to speak a language over which he has an imperfect command. But though he is silent, he listens and understands, and when he finds a person who can speak Italian, however imperfectly, he is glad to have an opportunity of telling all he knows. He is intensely patriotic, as persons who pass their lives abroad usually are. In religious matters he professes to be a free-thinker, as he supposes all men of culture to be. But there is a point at which his scepticism draws a line. That ghosts and other spirits exist and occasionally appear would be an article of faith with him if the fact were not, as he thinks, so clearly proved by experience; that cows and horses converse with each other in human language on Christmas or New Year's Eve is a pious opinion for which a good deal may be said. He is sceptical as to no superstition that has not the authority of the Church to support it, and in abstract matters disbelieves no one but the Pope and the Protestant missionary who tries to convert him. This condition of mind renders him at once "the bene and the bale" of the student of popular traditions. On the one hand, no one can enrich your collection of tales as well as he. As he has a business exactitude of mind, he is often ready to give you various versions of the same legend, and to tell you where he heard each of them and which he thinks



most likely to be exact. On the other, he brings Slav or Italian traditions into the German provinces, and thus carries the folklore of one race into the districts that seem to belong to another. For, silent as he usually is, when he is detained by stress of weather—by floods or a snowstorm, let us say—for some days in a single village his reticence is apt suddenly to thaw, and if his audience is sympathetic, he becomes garrulous in his broken Slav or German.

At first sight it seems strange that, while local customs are so stable, legends and stories of every kind should spread so widely. Human indolence and an Alpine winter afford a full explanation. To establish a new custom is an even more difficult matter than to do away with an old one. The Christmas-tree is still an exotic in England; it is hallowed by none of the associations that render it sacred in Germany; whereas the Grimm fairy tales have found an entrance into every nursery. In much the same way strange stories wander from valley to valley in the Alps, while no valley will admit a strange custom. Life is so dull in winter in the smaller villages that the arrival of a stranger, even if he bears his whole fortune on his back, is an event quite sufficient to fill the inn parlour. Every one is eager for news, and for once more anxious to hear than to be heard. All the opinions of the wanderer have a certain weight, and if he tells a story even to a sick child, it is remembered and discussed for a week or two in every cottage. If it is amusing, it is carried next market day to the nearest town, and so it spreads till it is not unlikely to return in a distorted form to its place of birth, and there either to supersede the original tradition, or to be noted by the conscientious collector as an interesting variation of it.

But men are as indolent as they are curious, and a living faith in the old superstitions is no longer to be found except in the places where the old rites have been handed down from generation to generation. An Italian may be asked for a charm against the toothache or a gipsy for a love potion, but neither can introduce a new festival or a new custom that is generally observed. He would be a bold peasant who in Upper Carniola denied the existence of the Wild Huntsman, and there are not many well stricken in years who have not at one time or another heard the wailing of his horns or the howling of his hounds; but, if you were to ask them to bake the cakes which in Thuringia are supposed to protect both men and beasts from his force and fraud, there is hardly one who would not meet your suggestion with a shrug of his shoulders or a contemptuous smile. His grandfather lived in the house he occupies, he will tell you, and neither he nor his father ate the cakes. They cannot, therefore, be necessary; he will take his chance. As soon as a superstitious rite has been generally abandoned it falls into disuse, because it is seen that no evil consequences follow on the neglect; but if, during the period of its decay, unexpected disasters happen, it is likely to gain a double hold on the imagination of the people. It is because the inhabitants of mountain regions are more exposed to incalculable natural dangers than the dwellers in the plain that they retain their old customs with a greater tenacity. It is perhaps because the Italian workman has suffered more from the rubs of fortune than most of us that he is so anxious to find some way of outwitting the Devil, in whom he professes not to believe, and so ready to try a charm of any kind when his funds are getting low and there is no work to be had. As he has no settled home, he has no enduring customs, and so he carries charm and story from valley to valley and district to district, with a tolerant belief in their equal truth and efficacy, and a supreme indifference both to the advantages he affords and the vexation he causes to the collector of legendary lore.

#### THE TURF SILLY SEASON.

IT is well known that all daily newspapers have their silly season, hailed with joy by irregular and unpaid correspondents, though dreaded by editors and staff, but on none does it seem to press with such awful weight of dull vacuity as on the racing journalist. Possibly he labours under exceptional disadvantages. The winter of his discontent is a long one, practically lasting according to Act of Jockey Club, from the week which includes the 25th of November to that including the 25th of March in the following year. Even from an agricultural point of view the greater portion of this period is unfavourable for the search after stubble instead of straw, and, judging by results, still more hopeless for the Turf writer seeking throughout the land for the accessories of his daily brick-making. He is cramped too by his loyal adherence, or semblance of adherence, to the great *ne sutor ultra dogma*. Not for him can the gigantic gooseberry distend its swelling sides, or the sea-serpent rear his maned crest above the billows, or the mouse make his nest in the ear of the unsuspecting cat; and even if driven by despair to allege that these phenomena have come under his own observation, they must be all in the way of business; the gooseberry must have been eaten in the garden at Danebury during the Stockbridge Meeting, the sea-serpent must have been seen by the reporter from the deck of the *Calaïs-Douves* on his return from the Grand Prix, and the cat must have kitted on the back of Mat Dawson's Derby favourite. It is true that the steeplechase and hurdle-race meetings afford occasional and welcome relief; but these column-filling fountains are especially and literally liable to be frozen up, notices of post-nomment are but paragraphs, and the unhappy scribe has to revert, with openly avowed weariness, to his threadbare topics. The refrain of "There's nothing in it" suggests itself at the end of

every sentence; and, considering how swift is the flight of time to most men, his yearnings for the sound of the saddling-bell at Lincoln are pathetic in the extreme.

The daily round, the common task,  
MAY furnish all we ought to ask,

yet who can help sympathizing with the man who, having exhausted those tiresome statistics of owners' winnings and of jockeys' mounts, having laboriously reviewed more than once the past racing season and the performances of the progeny of our principal stallions, having endlessly analysed the prospects of Derby favourites and the handicap for the City and Suburban, finds himself engaged in the twentieth compilation from his inner consciousness of the list of probable runners and riders in the Liverpool Steeplechase. Once a week our journalist seems to experience an acute phase of disappointment, for regularly on Friday morning he informs the sporting public that "The Sheet Calendar so eagerly anticipated contains but little of interest," though in this respect he is somewhat too exacting, for during the past winter at least, the official organ of the Jockey Club could hardly be arraigned for lack of sensational announcement, unless, indeed, the poor newsmonger expected to find, in addition to several warnings off and suspensions of licences, a feuilleton by the senior steward, an essay on Free-trade by the Right Hon. James Lowther, and an Anacreontic Ode from the pen of Mr. E. Weatherby.

But the ill wind which blights the professional, is as the very breath of life to amateur correspondents; the silly season is their opportunity, and to do them justice it must be confessed that they are not slow to avail themselves of it, but mount their hobbies and caracole gaily through columns which at other times would be closed to them as inexorably as are "the Limekilns" against trainers in wet weather. The happily "dead" months of 1887-88 have seen them well to the front; and, taking their inspiration from the time of year, choosing reform of hurdle-racing and steeplechasing as their theme, they have contradicted themselves and each other to their heart's content. Nevertheless, they were all reformers, all assured that the "illegitimate sport" is rapidly deteriorating, that something must be done to resuscitate it, and each man confident that his own pick-me-up was the infallible remedy, even if it consisted merely in a good all-round cursing of the G. N. H. Committee. Amongst the multitude of counsellors, however, there has been observable that discrepancy of opinion which Lord Salisbury recently noted amongst the advocates of Protection, and epitomised in the memorable words—"Where they are precise they are not agreed, and where they are agreed they are not precise." As an instance—Lord Marcus Beresford, who was early in the field, propounded the remarkable theory that hurdle-racing required more "venom" infused into it, and though he had many followers they were wholly unable to agree as to whence the necessary venom was to be derived—strange to say, no one suggested extracting it from his own or other letters on the subject. Again, there was tolerable consensus that steeplechasing would be greatly encouraged by large increase of added money; but how these sums were to be forthcoming at hunt meetings which already could hardly make both ends meet, no one to the best of our recollection condescended to explain.

Still these were but minor points of dispute; an old bone of contention proved as usual most attractive to the combatants, and the thickest of the inky fray was fought over the "grave" or "open ditch," as to the danger, desirability, and feasibility of which doctors disagreed even more hopelessly than is their wont, some declaring the obstacle to be an inhuman trap which numbered its victims by the score, while others equally expert averred it to be the fairest and most negotiable of all possible fences, the one thing which redeemed modern courses from being shams and steeplechasing from ridicule, and condemning the simple hurdle as the cause of more calamity than all the ditches that ever were dug; while most of the disputants on either side were fully equal to the occasion of advertising themselves, their experience, and the general excellence of their method of training and schooling. Both pros and cons, however, stuck to that most misleading appellation "open ditch"; for how a ditch which is closed or "guarded" by a rail can by any stretch of imagination be declared open is a conundrum which still awaits solution. Perhaps when the schoolmaster comes back from abroad even sporting correspondents may read Alfred de Musset, and will understand "qu'il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée."

Meantime the gods of the G. N. H. C. must have been quaffing their nectar in Old Burlington Street and laughing at the woes of mortals, for no sign or sound came from that Olympus till just as the strife was dying out, when there appeared in a sporting weekly a few columns of official statistics, which proved, as far as figures can prove, that, instead of entries having diminished, as was alleged, owing to the obstinacy and incapacity of the authorities, steeplechasing and hurdleracing in this respect at least, had never been in so flourishing a condition as at present.

We may bury the hatchet now, and write R.I.P. over its resting-place; it will not be wanted again before December. The Turf silly season is over, and the heart of the racing editor is glad within him.

#### COMING BOOK-SALES.

DECIDEDLY there is a good time coming for *les Amoureux du Livre*. Before March goes out like a lamb more than one "distinguished bibliopole"—to use the consecrated auction phrase—will have brought his cherished treasures under the

hammer, while the last days of the month and the first week of April will witness the dispersal of the second portion of the extraordinarily varied and attractive collection of the late Mr. Gibson Craig. But the miscellaneous sales which precede this major event have also considerable interest; and the list of books and MSS. to be sold at Sotheby's between the 19th and 22nd current is not without its notable items. For instance, there are the excessively rare poem by William Drummond of Hawthornden, *Forth Feasting*, Edinburgh, 1617, and the almost equally rare *Nosce Teipsum* of Sir John Davies, 1599. There are excellent rarities of Robert Greene, of Peele, of Nash, of Marston; there are *Euphues and his England* and the *Anatomy* in black letter; there is even "Rare Ben Jonson's" particular copy of Drayton's *Poly-Olbiou*, with his motto in his own "Roman hand" on the frontispiece, and with the portrait of Prince Henry not absent. There are also Thomas Middleton's unique *Honorable Entertainments*, *Compos'd for the Service of this Noble Cittie* [i.e. London], a little 12mo., dated 1621, and bound by Lortie; *The Charter and Laws of the City of New York*, 1719; and two rare works by William Blake, to wit, the *America*, in blue ink, 1793, and the *Poetical Sketches*, by W. B., of 1783, only two or three copies of which are known to exist, one of them being the property of Mr. F. Locker-Lampson. The copy now about to be sold was formerly in the possession of Blake's biographer, Mr. Gilchrist. But the pearl of this batch is probably the MS. volume of *Scotch Poems*, by Robt. Burness, described in vol. vi. of Paterson's edition of the Works, and now, after many vicissitudes, again in the market. A few of the leaves—i.e. from 5 to 10 inclusive—were removed by some earlier possessor, who thus mutilated "Holy Fair" and "Halloween"; but the remainder of the book, a folio of 80 pages, contains transcripts made circa 1785-6, by the poet himself, of thirteen more of his principal pieces. It includes a number of variations from the existing versions, and among other things fixes the date of "Holy Fair." Stothard's Life, by Mrs. Bray, with additional illustrations; the *Contes et Nouvelles de La Fontaine* ("édition dite des fermiers généraux"); a number of caricatures by Woodward, Rowlandson, Gillray, and Bunbury, and a goodly list of first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, and Ainsworth are also to be sold at the same time.

As might, perhaps, be anticipated, the library of Mr. Gibson Craig is especially strong in books relating to Scotland, as well as in all the publications, regular and occasional, of the Ballantyne, Maitland, Roxburghe, and other literary clubs. A few samples of its richest treasures have been already described by Mr. Craig himself in his *Facsimiles of Old Book-Binding*, twenty-five copies of which he printed privately in 1882. One of these, possibly the most interesting of all, is a copy of Paradin's *Cronique de Savoye*, published at Lyons by Jean de Tournes in 1552. It once belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, and in the list of "Jowellis," &c., in the castle of Edinburgh in 1578 it is described as "pertening to oure Sovereane Lord," James VI., and "his hienes dearest moder." It is still in admirable preservation, clothed in its original calf, stamped in gold in the centre of each side with the arms of Scotland, and having down the back "the initial M. ensigned with a crown." The covers yet show the remains of the old silk tapes which tied it. Its penultimate possessor was Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, at whose sale Mr. Craig purchased it in 1851. Another book described in the *Facsimiles* is Camerarius *De Prædestinatione*, bound in white kid, and lavishly blind-tooled with the crescents and cyphers of Diane de Poitiers and Henri II. A third is Humphrey's Life of Bishop Jewell, in ancient calf with gaudy edges, and bearing the crest and motto of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, to whom it was apparently presented by the author. But bindings are by no means the distinctive feature of Mr. Craig's library. It includes a large and very fine Kilmarnock Burns (1786); and there is also a copy of Fergusson's *Poems*, which once belonged to Burns himself and contains an original MS. poem by him on Jeremiah xv. 10, in his own handwriting. A copy of the so-called Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book, John Daye, 1578; an unique Italian Block-Book; *De Montfort*, a manuscript tragedy by Thomas Campbell; several privately printed family histories, and a number of specimens from the libraries of D'Hoym, De Thou, Grolier, Soubise, and Mme. de Pompadour are also enumerated in Messrs. Sotheby's bulky Catalogue, of which it is impossible here to give any more detailed account.

Other sales are looming in the not distant future. April will break up the library of Mr. R. B. Stewart, of Glasgow, with all its stores of theology, antiquities, and music. Then, occupying probably thirty days, will come the scattering of the Turner collection, whereby will be offered to the discriminating amateur an almost, if not wholly, unparalleled assemblage of Spanish and Italian literature, romances of chivalry, Horse, and large paper copies of all kinds, attired in the most approved costumes of Padeloup, Clovis and Nicolas Eve, Roger Payne, Le Gascon, Derome, Kalthoeber, Capé, and other luminaries of the bibliopegic art. Last, but certainly not least in this place, follows the library of the late Mr. Beresford-Hope, which contains, besides much general literature, many valuable and important volumes of prints, a number of architectural and theological books, a remarkable series of Salisbury and other Liturgies, several complete sets of the transactions and publications of literary Societies, and a few very choice illuminated manuscripts.

## FRENCH PLAYS.

OF the numerous plays which have been produced lately by the excellent French company now acting at the Royalty Theatre none has been more interesting or better performed than Beaumarchais's *Le Mariage de Figaro*. The history of this brilliant comedy is, perhaps, the most stirring of that of any in existence, and is, of course, well known. Produced with prodigious success in 1784, it received only two years later the crowning glory of being selected by Mozart as the libretto of his famous opera *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The operatic version is still so popular that when we say that its plot follows closely that of the comedy we need not mention it further, but simply recall that it consists of a series of diverting complications, sustained by inimitable dialogue, which those who can read between the lines, and are intimately acquainted with the political history of the period immediately preceding the Revolution of 1789, will find pregnant with bitter sarcasm against the abuses of then existing institutions. Many, however, of its biting sallies of wit have been blunted by time and rendered almost unintelligible. The fifth act, however, is so great a masterpiece of dramatic construction that the famous scene in which character after character is led out of concealment, only the more clearly to confound the guilty and justify the innocent, is productive of as much hearty laughter now as it was a hundred years ago. It is essentially a one-part comedy. Even the numerous female characters, admirable as they are, are subordinated to the great creation of Figaro, which stands out as prominently in this play as Falstaff does in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, or Tartuffe in Molière's great work. M. Coquelin avails himself of the numerous opportunities the part affords him to display, not only his native talent, but the excellence of the training in his art which he himself is the first to acknowledge he owes to the immense ability as a "coach" of his master, the late M. Regnier. Very soon after his first entry it becomes evident that he perfectly understands that Figaro is something more than a mere lively factotum of the city of Seville, and *barbier de qualité*. Beaumarchais intended him as the incarnation of the lower class of the French people, illustrating all its finer qualities in one many-sided character—its wit and liveliness, its ready sympathy for suffering, and its hatred of injustice. Figaro is the advocate of the unfortunate, ever ready to place his homely philosophy and quick wit at the service of the down-trodden, and to speak up for their rights wherever he can. Beaumarchais himself informs us that, carried away by the enthusiasm of his subject, he was not aware of the prodigious effect it would produce when acted; and possibly, had not the right emphasis been placed upon certain lines by M. Dazincourt, who first played the part of Figaro, the piece would have passed off as did the *Barbier de Séville*, without creating any extraordinary sensation. It is an ascertained fact, however, that the author instructed Dazincourt, and doubtless told him exactly on what lines to dwell with significant inflection. The Théâtre Français fortunately preserves all its traditions. They are handed down from actor to actor, and in the works of Racine, Molière, Corneille, Beaumarchais, and Voltaire very few changes are made in the manner of delivering the great speeches. M. Coquelin has evidently mastered all the traditions which surround the part of Figaro, and he enters into its spirit in a manner which renders this particular impersonation of exceptional interest. By the varied eloquence of his elocution and his avoidance of exaggeration he lifts the character, which could easily be rendered very vulgar were its dignity in the least degree diminished, into a region of fanciful comedy. Nothing could be finer than M. Coquelin's delivery of the celebrated soliloquy which opens the fifth act. A few words of praise are due to Mlle. Kerwich, who played Cherubin very prettily; to Mme. Patry, a very versatile actress, who was sufficiently stately without being too stiff as the injured Countess, and to Mlle. Barety, who was a delightful Suzanne. M. Jean Coquelin was whimsical as Bride d'Oison; but this is precisely one of the characters which ceases to provoke those roars of laughter it did when everybody recognized, under the guise of the stuttering judge, one of the most notorious rascals that then disgraced the Parisian bar. M. Duquesne was the Comte Almaviva, but played it a trifle too heavily. He certainly did not recall Mario.

The second novelty of the past week consisted of a very even performance on Thursday evening of M. Emile Augier's well-known play *Gabrielle*, the plot of which most readers of contemporary French literature will remember turns upon the subject of the wife of a country lawyer who deems herself neglected by her money-making husband, and consoles herself with the attentions of a romantic youth, who has come from Paris on a visit. The husband, a money-making and unsentimental man, discovers the intrigue in time, and saves his wife from dishonour by a prudent stratagem, so that as the curtain falls she throws herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Oh! père de famille! poète, que je t'aime"—a line which, by the way, brought more ridicule on the head of M. Augier than anything that he has ever written, since Julien can scarcely be called a poet; for it is precisely the lack of poetical sentiment which is the cause of the diminished affection of his wife. In many scenes, however, this play, which is otherwise rather tedious, is surprisingly fine, and the character of Julien, which was a great favourite with M. Regnier, suits M. Coquelin perfectly. As usual with Augier, the scene is laid in middle-class society, and M. Coquelin is inimitable as a *bourgeois*. There is a soliloquy in the third act in which the



heart-broken husband takes a long farewell of all the occupations which have hitherto been so pleasant to him, which forcibly suggests the idea that perhaps M. Angier in his hours of leisure has studied *Othello* with advantage to himself. The resemblance between this speech and the one in Shakespeare's tragedy in which the Moor bids farewell to all the previous occupations of his life is, to say the least, surprising. The part of Gabrielle was played by Mlle. Baret, who is a great acquisition to the company, and makes the best of one of the least interesting of stage heroines. Mme. Patry, a versatile actress, played Adrienne with dignity. M. Duquesne did the best he could for the unsympathetic lover Stéphanie, and M. Jean Coquelin acted the only amusing part in the piece, Tamponet, with a great deal of vivacity, although, to be sure, his voice at times sounded very fresh and juvenile for an old man of seventy.

During the week M. Coquelin has reappeared as Tartufe—a performance which was noticed at considerable length when it was produced last December during M. Coquelin's first engagement.

#### INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY AND EXCISE.

THE darkeners of counsel who achieve notoriety by senseless interpellations on Indian topics are this week to be congratulated on a new extravagance. They have tried the effect of combination. Two motions, each too absurd and indefensible to bear serious discussion, were rendered still more palpably foolish by the suggestion that the topics to which they referred are connected by a chain of causation. One honourable member wishes to impugn the entire frontier policy of the Government; another wishes to depict the Indian Excise Department as a huge machine of immorality. The brilliant idea occurred to the authors of these motions that each would gain from being united to the other, that the wisdom of the Indian frontier policy would be more conspicuous when it was shown to have necessitated recourse to immoral sources of revenue, and the hateful policy of stimulating intoxication, in order to increase the Excise, be shown in an especially odious light when traced to the unholy requirements of a Jingo policy. Mr. Slagg and Mr. Caine, accordingly, joined forces, and with the natural courage which combination inspires, led a gallant assault on the policy of the Government of India with regard to its military expenditure on the frontier, and on the Provincial Governments as regards the management of their Excise. Such a charge is, on the face of it, inadmissible for the purposes of serious discussion. In a court of law it would be dismissed for "multifariousness." Legal tribunals wisely insist that a suitor shall deal with certain clearly defined topics, and with one of them at a time. To make two perfectly unfounded accusations, and heighten the effect of each by asserting their interdependence, is a proceeding which, however gratifying to an excited controversialist, does not favour the chances of reasonable inquiry or satisfactory result. A more indulgent rule necessarily prevails in an Assembly such as the House of Commons. None the less does it add to the futility of ignorant criticism that it should be permitted to embrace in a single discussion topics which are essentially unconnected, and each of which is only liable to be obscured by attempts to consider it in juxtaposition with the other. Lord Randolph Churchill justly observed that "it shows the laxity of the rules of this Assembly that a discussion of Indian affairs should be allowed to take such a course as this discussion has taken to-night." Such a procedure, however, being permitted, it is matter for congratulation that an ill-constructed and unsustainable motion had the result of eliciting from several competent authorities statements of a high degree of interest and importance. The charges were, first, that the policy of military expenditure on the frontier was unwise; secondly, that this expenditure was giving rise to grave financial difficulties; and, thirdly, that, in order to meet those difficulties, the Government of India was, besides imposing additional taxation, stimulating "the sale of intoxicating liquors, for revenue purposes, with serious results to the moral and material welfare of the people." We shall see what those who know the facts of the case have to say on each.

As regards the first, the one conclusive answer is that no measure was ever more carefully considered and more deliberately adopted, with the consent of every authority and the agreement of responsible politicians of every party in the House of Commons. The works on the Indus frontier were, Sir John Gorst said, "recommended by a carefully-chosen committee of experts in India, and were sanctioned by the noble lord himself" (the Marquess of Ripon) "and the Government of which he was then a member." Lord Ripon, it is well known, went out to India with strong preconceived views against an active policy in the direction of Afghanistan. Acting on those views, he directed the demolition of the military railway which his predecessor had commenced in the direction of Quetta. "The Sind-Pishin Railway was interrupted on political grounds in 1880, and down to 1883 there was a complete suspension of the works. There was no doubt that the suspension had added greatly to the cost; and, when the works were renewed in 1883 by the very same Government which had originally stopped them, Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Browne and his officers, civil and military, were instructed to carry them on with the greatest possible expedition." The necessity of the precautions, to which Lord Ripon became an unwilling

convert in 1883, was demonstrated with alarming emphasis in 1885, when Lord Dufferin found himself, to use Lord Randolph Churchill's expression, "as near to war with Russia as we could be without being actually at war." Enormous expenditure was then incurred, and frightful risks were run in consequence of our unpreparedness for any action of defence or attack. "The frontier," says Lord Randolph Churchill, "was defenceless. There were no railways and hardly any roads and bridges to enable our troops to move about with ease, and without very heavy loss and expense." After months of desperate endeavour to make up for lost time, of the profuse outlay which emergency always entails, and of intense anxiety arising from the conviction that, should Russia choose to come to blows on the Candahar plateau, we were without the necessary machinery for obstructing her, the Government of India found itself again with breathing space; and resolved, with the warm approval of every military adviser, that no such panic could be allowed to recur, that the condition of the frontier was incompatible with the safety of the great Empire, which, as its rulers, we were bound to protect from invasion, and that Russia, being now within a pistol-shot of Herat and continuous for hundreds of miles with Afghanistan, the necessary provision must be made for events which every year was bringing more and more within the range of immediate probability. The strategical position was explained with admirable lucidity by Sir E. Hamley, whose authoritative explanation of the grounds of alarm will, it may be hoped, put an end for ever to the fatuous indifference with which certain classes of English politicians have hitherto regarded the approach of an enormous danger. Russia, he said, is now prepared to put pressure upon England, whenever her policy needed it, through our Indian frontier. A railway traverses the Caucasus, and the garrison of the Caucasus could easily put down an advance force of fifty thousand men, which, of course, could be supplemented from Southern Russia. Northern Russia is traversed by railways and canals, and "when Russia pleases, all her immense force in men and material can be concentrated on the Caspian." The Caspian is a Russian lake, covered by Russian transports, ready to convey the combatants to its eastern shores. From its eastern shores a railway has been constructed to within a few marches of Herat. The hostile populations, through which it was pushed, have been exterminated or subdued. Persia looks on in trembling helplessness at the approach of a Power whose progress she could not delay for an hour. The Aral Sea is on the north what the Caspian is to the west, an effectual basis for the collection of Russian supplies and the despatch of Russian armaments. A line of strong garrisons carries the forces of the advancing Power along the Oxus to a point at which they could easily co-operate with the army of the Caspian. The favourite dream of Russian strategists, formulated by Scobeleff with brutal outspokenness, has ever been to organize border of Asiatic horsemen, and to hurl them on the Indian frontier and reenact the days of Tamerlane. The scheme is, as Sir E. Hamley said, "stupendous"; but it has been deliberately conceived and persistently followed out. "Russia knows her own mind," and the dream has never been brought so far within the limits of possibility as it is to-day. She would begin with the invasion of Afghanistan, and, having "possessed herself of the three corner cities of Herat, Cabul, and Candahar, she would in the space between them proceed to erect an advance base of operations by filling it with immense supplies of men and material for a campaign against India." Such being the programme, is the Indian Government to look on in passive acquiescence? If we await attack in the plain of the Indus, we shall do so, the soldiers tell us, at immense strategical disadvantage, and, according to the views of every Indian authority, run formidable political risk. The Government have determined to be ready to strike an effectual blow, at any rate, for the defence of Candahar. We shall have, when the military works are complete, a good military high-road parallel to the Indus, a couple of railways converging on Quetta, several important lines which will enable us to bring the whole military resources of India, and, via Kurrachee, of England, at the shortest possible notice to bear upon any spot on our frontier which the movements of Russia show to be endangered. We have an entrenched camp within British territory, but near enough to Candahar to allow of our anticipating Russian attack; we have fortified the mountain barriers which a Russian invading force would have to surmount, and are tunnelling a range which might otherwise delay our advance. We may thus hope, says General Hamley, "to give tranquillity to India for generations." Can any one—can even Mr. Slagg?—seriously believe that the policy, thus carefully and calmly elaborated, deserves condemnation as "unwise"?

As regards the financial difficulties of the Government of India, no difference of opinion among competent authorities can be said to exist. We have so recently considered them that there is no need to say more than that the views which we ventured to express are completely borne out by the statements of the Under-Secretary of State and Lord Randolph Churchill in the recent discussion. Lord Randolph's contention, however, that the growth of the Indian expenditure during the last decade is a proof of extravagance, has been, to a large extent, disposed of by the explanation recently given by the Indian Finance Minister. The largest portion of the growth arises from the development of departments, such as Railways, Irrigation, Post Office or Forests, the net result of which is to enrich the Exchequer. There is a certain automatic increase in expenditure arising from the growth of population and the general demands of an improving admin-

istration. But it is moderate, and has certainly not, as the Finance Minister showed, exceeded the barest demands of a civilized Government.

The last head of the accusation—namely, that the Government had stimulated the consumption of alcoholic drinks in order to increase the Excise—hardly deserves anything but the comic treatment to which Sir Richard Temple exposed it. Sir John Gorst met it point blank by the statement that the invariably recognized policy of the Government is to place as high a tax on spirits as could be imposed without giving rise to smuggling and illicit distillation. Every one who knows the Indian administration, is aware of this policy and of the sedulous care with which the Government enforces it. Of late years the Provincial Governments, in the course of that development of their local resources to which the decentralization of finance has given rise, have watched the operation of the Excise with care, and have taken measures to stop illicit manufacture, and to secure the legal amount of tax for their Exchequers. In Bengal an experiment was tried which, after prolonged inquiry, was not approved, but which certainly was not devised by Sir Ashley Eden—a perfect type of the best order of administrator—in the interests of intoxication. There has been an increase of recent years in the amount realized by the tax, which is fully accounted for by increased efficiency in the machinery of collection, and the prosperous seasons which the Indian peasantry have enjoyed. The charge, asserted or implied in Mr. Slagg's resolution, that the Government or its officials have deliberately stimulated the consumption of spirits, from a financial motive, is in direct contradiction of known facts, and does little credit to the knowledge or intelligence of those by whom it was advanced.

#### NOVELLO'S ORATORIO CONCERTS.

SINCE its production at Norwich Dr. Mackenzie's oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, has been given more than once in London under the conduct of the composer, with the advantages of a chorus of exceptional competency and training, an excellent orchestra, and the original executants of the solo parts. On Tuesday, at the St. James's Hall, Mme. Nordica and Miss Hope Glenn replaced Mme. Albani and Mme. Trebelli, while Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley once again interpreted the music assigned to the Beloved and King Solomon, with the technical perfection and artistic feeling that makes all comment superfluous. Mme. Nordica's method is not altogether such as is traditionally associated with oratorio singing; but her rendering of the Sulamite's part showed some dramatic apprehension, though differing considerably from that of Mme. Albani. There was less light and shade in her rendering of the music, and decidedly less emotional power. We missed, for instance, the thrilling rapture with which Mme. Albani gave the exquisite, though rather exacting, melodic theme, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his," where it recurs after the fine sequence of choruses in the second part. In numbers of a graver character, such as "The Lord is my Shepherd," Mme. Nordica was completely successful. The contralto solos were sung in excellent style by Miss Hope Glenn. Always an important function in oratorios, the chorus is remarkably prominent in *The Rose of Sharon*, owing to the dramatic significance of the music. This is especially notable of the villagers' chorus and the choruses of women interjected in the lyrics of the Sulamite in the second part, where the relation of chorus to the dramatic action is analogous with its ancient employment in classic drama. Indeed, the term "dramatic oratorio" applied by the composer to *The Rose of Sharon* is completely justified by the character of the choral numbers, and suffices to distinguish this original and beautiful work from the Mendelssohnian type of oratorio. On Tuesday the choruses were admirably sung, all sections of the choir showing, by their execution of music that is at times extremely difficult, the efficiency that comes of devoted study and perfect confidence in the conductor. There is little need to speak of the delicacy and beauty of tone with which the rich and elaborate accompaniments, the various instrumental episodes—such as the delightful "Sleep" music—were rendered by the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Carrodus.

#### LONDON BIRDS—THE SEA-GULL.

THE sea-gull—we speak generically—is entitled to a place in the list of London birds. In the London below-bridge, the busy, mercantile, riparian London, among the docks and shipping, this bird can hardly be said to be uncommon, being at all events a frequent visitor. It does not, however, confine itself entirely to the East-end, as specimens may from time to time be seen, especially in the spring, about the waters in the parks of the West End, the Serpentine in Hyde Park being a specially favourite resort.

During the severe weather we have lately experienced, accompanied as it has been by hard north-easterly winds and snow, Londoners have had an unusual opportunity of observing the habits of sea-gulls, as they have frequented the river above bridge, literally in hundreds, their range extending at least to Putney—in other words, from one end of London to the other. It is seldom, indeed, that these birds appear in such numbers on the Thames

above London Bridge as they have done lately, and their appearance has, from its rarity, caused a corresponding excitement among Londoners, as is proved by the numbers of people that have crowded the bridges and embankments to watch their movements. To a considerable proportion of them, no doubt, the marvellous flight and power of wing of the gull came as an absolute revelation. To those intimately acquainted with the bird and its ways, the advent of so many on the higher reaches of the river was not only a surprise, but a source of enjoyment, which no doubt induced them to form part of the crowds engaged in watching the birds. There is, perhaps, some slight cause for wonder, when we consider the habit so common to gulls of following the tide in rivers, that these birds are not more often seen in London between bridges, as food in the tideway cannot be lacking to them. The reasons of their scarceness, however, are no doubt, firstly, the crowded state of the river itself, to say nothing of the densely populated condition of its banks, and, secondly, the great distance from the sands and saltings of the estuary to which the birds always retire for the night. In addition, food is plentiful in the lower reaches; and therefore, except in the case of such exceptional weather as we have lately experienced, the gulls find no occasion to venture into the narrow and crowded waterway of the river as it flows through London.

When we say that food is plentiful in the lower reaches of the river, we must not be understood to speak of food to be found in the river itself, or even on its banks; as the sea-gull in autumn, winter, and early spring, before it leaves for its breeding-places, is as fond of foraging in the fields and following the plough as is the rook—with which, indeed, it may often be seen feeding in the greatest amity. No doubt the late immigration of this bird into London was to a very considerable extent caused by the fact that its feeding-grounds on land were closed to it by the snow and frost, and that it was therefore forced to depend entirely on the water for its supplies.

The gull may be said to be omnivorous; nothing, indeed, apparently comes amiss. It will devour small fish, and for this reason is very fond of following shrimpers and other small trawling vessels for the feast to be obtained when the fishermen are shaking out their nets—mollusks and crustaceans which it finds left by the tide, and, one of its greatest feasts perhaps, the scraps and offal thrown overboard from the cook's galley of a passing ship. So fond, indeed, are the gulls of the meal provided them by the refuse thrown overboard from ships, that they will in a harbour where a guardship is moored, apparently observing times and seasons, attend daily with the greatest regularity for the food they know will be supplied to them. In addition they will, as we have said, wander far inland in search of worms and grubs, and when so engaged will not even disdain on occasion to help themselves to the farmer's grain, though this cannot be said in any way to be their natural food. That a gull, however, can live entirely on corn is proved by the fact that the stomach of one so kept by John Hunter is now preserved in the Museum of the College of Surgeons.

Gulls make excellent pets, and are most useful in gardens, having an illimitable appetite for slugs and a general aptitude for devouring obnoxious insects. And, strange though it may appear, considering their natural wariness and wildness, it is not necessary to obtain them young, as an adult bird, pinioned by a good or lucky shot as the case may be, will, often before its wound has thoroughly healed, have become so tame that it will come with great regularity to be fed, if it does not, as certainly will eventually be the case, know and follow the person who is in the habit of feeding it. Gulls in captivity, or rather wandering at large in a garden, though deprived of their power of flight, are by no means the miserable birds that many would imagine. On the contrary, they are most masterful, and evidently consider themselves of very great importance. They will generally condescend to notice all the members of the household to which they belong, though naturally they have their favourites, giving their preference as a rule to those who feed them, and will possibly admit certain well-known visitors to a limited intimacy; but they usually resent the intrusion of strangers, even to the extent of pecking their heels—a far from pleasant operation for the victim, especially if performed by a specimen of one of the larger gulls. They are, in fact, birds of great character, each individual having ways of its own.

Their noisiness—they cannot be said by their best friends to possess musical voices—is to some few people an absolute bar to their being kept as pets. We, however, can only pity those whose nerves are so highly strung, as they thereby lose, at all events, the chance of the friendship of one of these delightfully intelligent birds.

Some knowledge of these birds and their habits may be obtained by watching those in the Zoological Gardens, where a considerable number are kept, pinioned and in a semi-domesticated condition, yet living so happily, that many of them nest in the spring, though we fear with, as a rule, little satisfaction either to themselves or their keepers. Here the birds may be seen in all states of plumage, from the mottled brown of the first year to the pure white and grey and black of the adult. Since the large aviary was built last year, matters have been so ordered that some of the smaller gulls may be seen unpinioned, and, therefore, able to use their wings.

In London, as we have said, gulls are only occasional visitors, and the Londoner must go far from town to make certain of seeing them in all their beauty.



## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE main feature of the concert at the Crystal Palace last Saturday was Mendelssohn's music to *Œdipus at Colonus*. Even the interest which attaches to any unfrequently performed work by a great composer failed to make the afternoon a lively one. The rest of a by no means remarkable programme was miscellaneous and chiefly vocal, while the *Œdipus* itself could not compensate for the lack of any important instrumental number. If only in deference to the fame of its composer, and to satisfy the curiosity of the public, it is right that this work should be sometimes heard. These occasions, however, will always be rare, as it is easy to see why such a work is not more popular. We are as much accustomed to look at the Greeks in a heroic light as to approach religious mysteries with awe; to read their poets with a glamour as to treat the Bible with a spirit of reverence. If we can complain that church music is not religious, we can as justly complain that the setting of a Greek play is not heroic, or, at any rate, not conceived in the classical spirit. And we are surely justified in this; for, if the separate utterances of any piece of music mean nothing precise, its ensemble has an unmistakable character. When looked at as a language, music read by the letter makes most indefinite, by the spirit most definite, statements. Now if the "Dead March in *Saul*" be considered a good example of the simplicity, majesty, and severity of a classic style, Mendelssohn's *Œdipus* is unquestionably wanting in these qualities. It is not altogether simple, stern, and grand; not altogether free from gush, from a whining spirit, and the modern diffuseness. You do not find pretty sentimental word-spinning in Sophocles's play, but you meet with loose phrases, rambling picturesquely here and there, in Mendelssohn's music. Perhaps the best work, as far as setting goes, has not been done in the most important places. The short dialogue choruses near the beginning are finely and appropriately effective. Nor were these speeches loud or noisily accompanied; they were restrained and sad, and seemed superstitious in their simplicity. As music, of course the well-known chorus describing Colonus is much more important. It is a smooth, beautiful, and tuneful chorus, quite modern in feeling. Some stirring and martial passages occur in the choruses connected with the battle, and the choir sang them with great spirit. Indeed, in spite of a few hesitations, the performance, as a whole, did fair justice to the work. The mixture of recitation with choruses in a case of this sort, where the reciter sometimes takes both parts of a dialogue and sometimes bandies answers with the choir, is, if inevitable, very often unpleasant, and at times destructive to art. Mr. Charles Fry, the reader, was not to blame for that. He carried out his long and difficult task with constantly sustained energy and an unflagging attention to details. His enunciation was clear and distinct throughout; and, if he appeared rather to exaggerate the part of *Œdipus* in the direction of plaintive pathos, it was probably in some measure owing to the contrast of the bare voice of speech with the full power and varied tone of the orchestra. This may have robbed the character of some elements of tragic and heroic power. The *Œdipus* of Sophocles strikes one in no way as a whining, beaten-down beggar or jottering sentimentalist, but as a terrible old man, linked with the Gods and the destinies of nations, and perhaps all the more awful from being masked in rags. Mr. Fry also declaimed "The Minstrel's Curse," a ballad translated from the German of Uhland. An orchestral accompaniment has been provided by Mr. F. Corder, consisting chiefly of short phrases descriptively instrumented, which occur for the most part between the stanzas. From the nature of the problem one could not expect the effect to be other than disconnected; but Mr. Corder has nevertheless contrived to introduce some very significant orchestration. Miss Louise Dotti sang two airs, which showed her voice to be of sympathetic and tender quality, especially in the lower notes. She gave Mozart's "Dove sono" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) with expression and suitable style, too; but in "Angels ever bright and fair" she thought it necessary to conform to the stupidest Handel traditions. Simple as they are in modulation, &c., Handel's airs must either be sung as marked tunes, or else mean nothing. Surely very few hold the old Puritan view that religious feeling demands an intolerably dreary, pointless performance, fit to make a burlesque of any air, whether dramatic or purely melodious. Great singers—we will not say artists—in order to show off their voices, have set a precedent for the ridiculously slow time in which this air was taken on Saturday.

Hitherto we have spoken of nothing but vocal music, and, indeed, if we except Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*, there was no purely instrumental number on the programme. We can only say that we have heard the Overture done at these concerts with more fire and expression than on Saturday, when the performance was somewhat wooden. In place of instrumental solos, the London Vocal Union, who assisted the Crystal Palace Choir in *Œdipus*, sang T. Cooke's charming Glee, "Strike the Lyre," and Hatton's somewhat commonplace Part-Song, "When Evening's Twilight." They sang with smoothness and clear, steady vocalization in both numbers, as well as in "Ladies, sigh no more" (Stevens), which they gave in answer to a recall. In honour of the Silver Wedding the Overture was prefaced by Brinley Richards' "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

## DRAMATIC RECORD.

MESSRS. LYNWOOD and Mark Ambient's drama *Christina*, which was originally produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre at a matinee some months since, was lately revived at the Olympic. We remarked on the occasion of its original performance that "when certain modifications have been introduced it may prove a taking piece." Unfortunately, we fear, this advice has been discarded, for the piece still requires a great deal of modifying if it is to prove as successful as in many ways it deserves to be. The plot deals, as we related in a former review, with a subject which has lately done duty only too often on our stage—Nihilism—and which is becoming tedious from repetition. The authors have, however, treated it with some degree of novelty, and made the revolutionary episodes subservient to the love interest, which is sufficiently sympathetic to command attention. The characterization is well managed, and the dialogue, even if it is rather old-fashioned, is terse and dramatic. The piece is now extremely well put upon the stage, some of the scenery being particularly effective; notably so the first, which gives a very pretty view of Lake Geneva from Chillon. The acting is excellent. Mr. E. S. Willard takes the part created by Mr. Hermann Vezin; and, since it is that of a villain of the deepest dye, he is quite in his element, and consequently eminently successful. It is impossible to be more villainous. Mr. Yorke Stevens plays the hero; and, as he is always a pleasant actor, he contrives to invest the part with a good deal of interest which it previously lacked. Miss Alma Murray is afforded in the play, as *Christina*, the best opportunity for the display of her varied talents she has had since she performed *Beatrice Cenci*; and she avails herself of it, acting throughout with much charm in the lighter scenes, and with genuine intensity in the tragic episodes of the last two acts.

*The Don* is urging on his wild career at Toole's Theatre in good earnest, and seems likely to be encouraged to continue it for a long time to come. As it has been remarked before, it is unfair to judge a play from a first night's performance; and an audience consisting of personal friends of the performers or critics or—the most difficult of relationships—both in one is not the most satisfactory one. Mr. Toole has certainly found in the *Don* a part that suits him in every way, and the newness of such a character for him gives him ample scope for his humour and pathos; for, though the audience see through the absurdity of the situation, still they cannot help sympathizing with the poor Dean in his distress and perplexity when he is so constantly and consistently being misunderstood, and finally on the point of being taken off to prison. Good support in a play like *The Don*, where each character is telling, is a necessity for its success, and in *The Don* all the parts are well sustained. Miss Linden renders that of Dora particularly pretty and attractive by her graceful and naive way of acting it. Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Kitty Maitland, charming as it is, is not quite one's idea of a high-spirited girl, not above flirtation with undergraduates. She might, for instance, be got up less aesthetically, and be, in fact, altogether more commonplace. Miss Kate Phillips is, as usual—though not in the usual line for her—really excellent as the smart and lively little widow. Mr. Shelton is gyp-and-scoutlike (he is called a gyp) as Harris. Of the merits of Miss Thorne's and Mr. Billington's performances we have spoken before.

## REVIEWS.

## THE BALANCE OF MILITARY POWER IN EUROPE.\*

A JUDGMENT on the "balance of military power in Europe," when made by an authority with any pretensions to competence, would be sure of a hearing at present. Colonel Maurice's right to be listened to at any time will not be disputed, and his book comes out under particularly favourable circumstances. As he explains in his preface he was stung, if not into writing, at least into writing in the way he chose, by the attack of a controversialist on a friend, and his not very courteous treatment of himself. Instead of the treatise which was to have been written, Colonel Maurice published a series of articles in answer to Sir Charles Dilke in *Blackwood's Magazine*. In this way he was able to explain his ideas and state his views with all the advantages of the advertisement (the word is used without malice) given by the rattling of replies and rejoinders. So the way was prepared for his book. Whether this was to Colonel Maurice's advantage, except as a matter of immediate business convenience, we do, however, vehemently doubt. One has to keep referring almost at every other page to "The Position of European Politics"—and that, to put it frankly, is a bore. If Sir Charles's name were deleted every time it occurs in Colonel Maurice's pages, there would be a distinct shrinkage in their bulk. If all that is mere answer by *Blackwood's* to the *Fortnightly* were taken out, these two hundred and forty pages would be reduced to about a half of their number. That half would be much the more valuable of the two, but it runs at present a considerable risk of being buried in a controversy. The

\* *The Balance of Military Power in Europe*. By Colonel Maurice, Royal Artillery. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

public does not mind a straw about these newspaper rows, and wishes "our governor" would tell the Colonel or the Baronet to stop answering. "The taste for eloquence is going out, Mick," as the gentlemen who was Morgan, but had been either Hoolan or Doolan, observed with regret. Who will be bothered with wrangling literary Siamese twins? On the merits of the controversy, either personal or general, we shall say as little as may be. Colonel Maurice is of course to be believed on his word when he denies that he wrote as the mouthpiece of the Adjutant-General, but the case invites the use of the distinguish. No doubt he was not directly prompted, but Lord Wolseley is, as we all know, *capo di scuola*, and of that school Colonel Maurice is a distinguished pupil. Much is produced in art which the master never sees, but does none the less inspire. Colonel Maurice will probably not deny that his work shows the influence of his studio. We do not think it the less deserving of attention on that account, for his studio happens to be the place in which the government of the British army is at present being carried on, and it is important to know what the views of the chiefs are. Our complaint is not that we get them, but that we are compelled to take so much superfluous and purely temporary matter with them.

Colonel Maurice when he does come to his subject deals with it as a soldier and a man of sense. He declines to look at it merely as a matter of returns and paper lists. Considerations of national character and of the form of country are always present with him. At times he seems to omit elements in the effective fighting strength of foreign Powers which could not be neglected in actual war. He has not a word to say about the Austrian navy when discussing the probabilities of a war in which France should be opposed to Italy. And yet Italy could hardly be attacked by her neighbour except as a party to a coalition; and Lissa shows that the Austrian navy, though a small force, no doubt, cannot be ruled out of the game. Again, he takes no account of the German navy as an adversary to the Russian, and yet it has been on the growing hand this many a day. Over and above these omissions there is a sin of commission in Colonel Maurice's book which is a more serious error. It is his treatment of the question of the reduction in the Artillery. He requests his critics to believe that he has no unworthy interest in arguing, though under certain reserves, in favour of the measure. We take that for granted, and are quite prepared to believe that an officer who is himself a gunner, and has worn "the Jacket," would not support a reduction of the force unless he had what he thought sufficient reasons for doing so. No doubt he is absolutely right in saying that an increase in the Artillery would bring him promotion and the continuance of old associations more valuable than promotion to a cavalier of honour. All that may be granted; but the personal disinterestedness of the disputant does not make his argument logically good. We still think Colonel Maurice's argument bad. Substantially it is this:—We cannot put two army corps into the field without transport and commissariat machinery, hitherto wanting; this can only be got by increased expenditure or by sacrificing something; but we must not look for increased expenditure. Therefore there only remains the resource of sacrifice, and the Horse Artillery having been that part of the army which was cut down the least closely to the quick, it had to suffer. Now allowing every link in this chain of reasoning its full force, what does it all amount to? It is a confession that we must limit our available movable fighting army to two corps, which again means that we must renounce all hope of undertaking offensive operations. Colonel Maurice may believe that this country would allow its only practical army to go abroad while a counter invasion was possible, but we have not the strength to share his faith. Therefore we still think the reduction a most unwise measure; and when we are told of the effect England could produce by threatening an enemy's coast here and there, we remain utterly sceptical as to the possibility of any such aggressive tactics while the country had to remain under the protection of a mob of men with rifles, utterly destitute of transport, commissariat, or field artillery, and very badly supplied with cavalry. Colonel Maurice praises Mr. Smith for honesty and good sense at the War Office, but we wish he could have praised him for courage shown in coming forward to tell the country how it stood and ask for the necessary means to remedy defects.

When the Colonel is not bound to apologize, and has to deal with the armies of the Continent, he takes a much stronger position. His sketch of the Eastern and Western frontiers of Germany, his estimates of the Austrian and, in an even greater degree, of the Russian armies, will be generally recognized as excellent. It is doubtful whether modern long-range weapons, or any other mechanical change, will in the long run diminish the value of solid courage and military devotion—the great merits of the Russian—in warfare, which, if we understand Colonel Maurice aright, he is inclined to believe, but he is on very safe ground when he argues from the difficulty Russia has always found in making any considerable part of her vast army really available for offensive purposes. It was seen in the great Napoleonic wars, in 1828, in the Crimea, and as conspicuously as ever in 1878. There is no reason to believe that the stupidity and corruption which have always counterbalanced the courage and devotion of the Russian soldier will be less helpful to civilized Europe in the future than they have been in the past. In speaking of the Austrian army, that strange force which has been so uniformly good and so constantly beaten, Colonel Maurice forgets neither its excellence nor its weakness. We hope much, and do

partly believe that he is right in his opinion that the strength is even greater, and the weakness less than it was of old. The world has every reason to trust it may be so, but as in the case of Russia there is a long experience to inspire doubt. With all its honesty, goodness of intention, and many other merits, the Austrian army has suffered terribly from stupidity. It may be wiser, and yet not wise enough. The most striking part of Colonel Maurice's volume is his estimate of the military position of Germany, and particularly its chances in the event of a war with France and Russia combined. We commend his remarks on the military considerations which make it impossible for Germany to allow the ruin of Austria to those who are inclined to doubt whether the Empire could afford to stand neutral during a series of Russian successes in Galicia. But he has also a good deal to say about the chances of a war between Germany and a Russo-French alliance, which our lively neighbour may profitably reflect on. Colonel Maurice looks more exclusively to the military considerations, but he agrees in the main with an anonymous writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* who lately caused some searching of heart in Paris. This writer reminded his countrymen that alliance with Russia would not necessarily mean that the allies could be on the field at the same time. Colonel Maurice gives good reason for believing that Germany might repeat on a far greater scale the famous campaign of the Consul Nero. With her admirable system of military railways, she might well move a great army from one frontier to another in less than a week. In comparing Germany and France Colonel Maurice comments forcibly on the very different ratios of talk to work in the two countries, and expresses an opinion, pretty widely shared by competent judges, we should imagine, that the late experiment in mobilization was much more showy than instructive. This, unfortunately the smaller, half of his book is so good that we can only heartily regret that Colonel Maurice did not continue in the path of virtue, and write that book on National Defence for which his poor editor has waited so long, and has now lost by the combined temptations of Sir Charles Dillie's herring, the attractive position of *Blackwood*, the wrongs of Lord Wolseley, and the merits of Mr. Smith.

#### IT IS THE LAW.\*

"MY darling, I love you; passionately, devotedly, &c. &c. &c." These expressions form the first sentence of Mr. Willson's idyl. They were addressed by a gentleman named Dick to a lady called Mabelle. It is unnecessary, and, for reasons which will presently appear, might be inconvenient, to mention the surnames of any of the people in this story. Mabelle's rejoinder was, "You haven't tempted me in the least to be wicked, Dick, when I really want to be tempted." She said this in an elaborate, but not really material, context. Dick thereupon, presumably by way of tempting her, kissed her ear, but there was no satisfying the unreasonable creature. She said, "Do not spoil my happiness, dear, by improprieties. If you do, I will have to go home immediately. And I want to stay here with you." He then asked her to elope with him, but she pointed out financial difficulties. Her husband (whose name was Billy) was not only her uncle, but also her guardian. "For nearly three years, until I am twenty-one, I will not be able to get a cent from him. You have very little more than your salary." They then discoursed of love, and she propounded a theory that it never lasts more than a month or so; that it may precede, but should not accompany, and, *ex hypothesi*, cannot long survive, the marriage of its victims, which should be founded on affection and compatibility of temperament. Dick listened somewhat impatiently, and enunciated in his turn another theory, metaphysical in tone, with musical analogies about harmony and discord. She then gave a fresh turn to the conversation by asking him to marry her. He objected that she was already married to her uncle Billy. She admitted that this was so, but explained that, "as a matter of precaution, and thinking it might some day be useful, when I was in Chicago two years ago [it may be mentioned here that her age at the time of the story is eighteen] I obtained a divorce from William, which is perfectly valid in the State of Illinois, but not valid in this State. I am legally and morally free to marry in the State of Illinois, and such a marriage would be both legally and morally binding in every State of the Union." She elucidated her view of morality by ingenuously confessing that this divorce—which eventually turned out to be bad, but that is neither here nor there—was obtained *ex parte*, and that Billy knew nothing about it, though there had been some danger of his finding it out "last spring, when we visited his aunt's in Chicago. Of course, I would not let him kiss me while in the State of Illinois, and I had to manoeuvre to keep from being left alone with him during our stay." This rather puzzled Dick, who somewhat weakly asked whether she "did not dissemble at all." She replied with dignity, if somewhat evasively, that she was "an honest, proper, and law-abiding woman." By way of proving her possession of these noble attributes, she offered to go to Illinois, marry Dick there, be his lawful wife for three months, and then go back to Billy. She added the irresistible allurements that during the three months of being Mrs. Dick in Illinois "I would guard your honour there

\* *It is the Law: a Story of Marriage and Divorce in New York.* By Thomas Edgar Willson. New York and Chicago: Belford, Clarke, & Co.



as carefully as I guard William's here." Then she got off the fence—she had been sitting on a fence, a stone fence, during the whole conversation—and they went home.

"Home" for the time being was the temporary residence of one Nellie. She was "seven-and-twenty, in the perfect fullness of womanhood, tall and fair, with a sweet matronly look upon the high-bred face that the moonlight softens into a beauty of the heart that is almost divine" (whether the heart or the beauty of it was divine, it was a great feat to soften the high-bred face into a beauty of the heart; but then the moonlight was American). She was a mother, and, it may be cautiously inferred, a widow. She was also Dick's aunt, and was in love with him. In order to encourage Dick to return Nellie's affection (except in Illinois?), Mabelle related to them how she herself came to marry her uncle, which she had done when she was twelve years old. Then she went to bed, and in her absence Dick and his aunt Nellie made passionate love to each other, with much hugging and kissing. Nellie at last, with a good deal of difficulty, persuaded Dick that he loved her (Nellie) even more than he did Mabelle. After she had been sitting on his knee and embracing him for a considerable time, she observed, speaking of Mabelle, "If it will give you pleasure, Dick, kiss her, fondle her to your content. But don't love her," she whispers, unconscious of what the words betray; "I could not bear that." Why a widowed aunt should have any hesitation about consciously "betraying" to her marriageable nephew the affection to which she has been testifying by making violent love to him throughout a long conversation is not clear; but they arrange these things curiously in America. The result was that, after some more expressions of affection, made with an unreserve in every way worthy of a free people, the lady discovered that "a sweet sense of shame gradually rises—wherefrom or wherefore she cannot tell"; and, after another embrace, in which Dick's "kisses burn and sting," they separated.

The two episodes summarized above are related by Mr. Willson in two chapters, and occupy no more than forty-seven pages. It is a bitter disappointment that practically nothing more is heard of Dick. That trip to Illinois never came off, by reason of the awkward circumstance that Mabelle fell in love with Billy, her husband and uncle. Her next opportunity of conversation with Dick did not occur for some months. When it did there was no love-making, and she coldly advised him to marry his aunt. He took her advice, and there is an end of him. The rest of the story consists of the conquest of Mabelle's heart already mentioned. It came about through her uncle Billy having, as he and Mabelle and all their friends supposed, another wife as well as Mabelle. Her name was Jane. Billy married her when he was at college, and then she ran away. So, after a reasonable time, he married his niece Mabelle for her money. The marriage was valid, because the interval had been reasonable. Just about the time when Mabelle arranged with Dick the temporary Illinois marriage, which did not come off, Jane turned up, and claimed from Billy the restitution of conjugal rights. There appeared to be no doubt that the two ladies were equally Billy's wives. So he introduced them to one another, and made Jane a handsome allowance out of Mabelle's fortune. There was nothing out of the way in this, because "thousands" of men in New York have several wives apiece, owing to the laws of that remarkable country. The principal result was that Mabelle fell in love with Billy, as already mentioned. However, it turned out at last, after manifold and very dull complications, that Jane had married somebody else after her separation from Billy (which somebody else had in his turn married another female somebody, and got four and a half years for doing it), and had at some period or other got a divorce from Billy, which divorce accidentally happened to be valid, so that Billy was free from Jane, and Mabelle was his only genuine wife, and also that the Illinois divorce had been granted by a court not having jurisdiction in such matters, so that Billy was Mabelle's husband as much in Illinois as anywhere else, which pleased her just as well, because she had changed her mind about Billy and Dick (*varium et mutabile semper Femina Americana* in a quite special sense); and Jane found a third husband quite after her liking; so everybody was satisfied. The justification of this surprising romance, in its author's eyes, is that everything everybody did or thought of doing was or would have been, in his opinion (which is obviously incorrect as regards the proposed Illinois marriage), quite justifiable according to American law, excepting only the behaviour of the wicked bigamist who got four years and a half. Each chapter ends with the words *It is the Law*. The moral views of the heroine have already been to some extent indicated. It may not be inappropriate to throw some more light on them. Here is her view of persons born in the country. "I loathe the 'honest countryman,' and shiver when I meet one on the road. Billy says, and I believe him, that there never yet was one who was not a thief at heart, a brute by choice; that honest men and decent men are made by the training of cities and towns; and there's truth in his argument." When she and Billy had made up their differences, he said his only regret was that he could not "thank some supernatural being for this blessing. I do not wonder at the tenacity with which the ignorant and vicious cling to the idea of a personal God, to whom they can give thanks for the happiness they do not make for themselves, and do not deserve." But his chaste and beauteous spouse (and niece) bade him "Leave such thoughts where they belong—to the criminal classes and lunatics—and thank yourself, and only yourself." For "a personal God

is contrary to reason and revelation." So she lay in his arms, observing, "I am your wife, at last; your one, true, lawful wife, except in Illinois." Though, in fact, as we have seen, not even that refuge was left to him.

#### NEW POEMS BY CRASHAW.\*

TOO often it is with regret, or with a grudging esteem, that we hail newly-discovered works by standard authors. The best writing generally takes care of itself, and is remembered and preserved, whatever may be lost. The first sprightly running is commonly the best, and editors scarcely earn our thanks by troubling the lees for us. For once we have an exception before us. The pamphlet of newly-discovered poems by Crashaw which Dr. Grosart has forwarded to his subscribers contains some things which, even in the congested condition of our national literature, are never likely to be obscured again. The British Museum lately bought from a bookseller, who had picked it up as an odd lot at Sotheby's or Puttick & Simpson's, a MS. volume of Crashaw's poems, indubitably, as would appear, in his own, previously untraced, handwriting. Dr. Grosart gives us an example of the latter in facsimile, selecting the page which contains the well-known epigram on "The Water being made Wine."

We turn at once to the poems which are entirely new. Here is one apparently intended to form the dedication to a gift-volume of the poet's *Steps to the Temple*. It appears just too late to adorn Mr. Lang's selected *Ballads of Books*:—

At the ivory tribunal of your hand,  
Fair one, these tender leaves do trembling stand,  
Knowing 'tis in the doom of your sweet eye  
Whether the Muse they clothe shall live or die;  
Live she or die to Fame, each leaf you meet  
Is her life's wing, or else her winding-sheet.

We could swear this was Crashaw, if we picked it up anonymous on Pitcairn's Island. Moreover, something very like the second couplet is to be found already in "Love's Horoscope":—

'Tis in the mercy of her eye  
If poor Love shall live or die.

It is very pretty. But this, a nameless lyric, is more than pretty; it is exquisite, and in Crashaw's most transcendental manner:—

Though now 'tis neither May nor June,  
And nightingales are out of tune,  
Yet in these leaves, fair One, there lies  
(Sworn servant to your sweetest eyes),  
A nightingale, who, may she spread  
In your white bosom her chaste bed,  
Spite of all the maiden snow  
These pure untrodden paths can show,  
You strait shall see her wake and rise,  
Taking fresh life from your fair eyes,  
And with clasped wings proclaim a spring,  
Where Love and she shall sit and sing;  
For lodged so near your sweetest throat  
What nightingale can lose her note?  
Nor let her kindred birds complain  
Because she breaks the year's old reign;  
For let them know she's none of those  
Hedge-quiristers whose music owes  
Only such strains as serve to keep  
Sad shades, and sing dull night asleep.  
No, she's a priestess of that grove,  
The holy chapel of chaste love,  
Your virgin bosom. Then what'er  
Poor laws divide the public year,  
Whose revolutions wait upon  
The wild turns of the wanton sun,  
Be you the Lady of Love's sun,  
Where your eyes shine his years appear,  
There all the year is Love's long Spring,  
There all the year  
Love's nightingales shall sit and sing.

The break in the penultimate verse is a charming addition to the melody, and we are very much mistaken if this lyric does not take its place among the best of Charles I.'s reign.

The remainder of the new poems are religious, and they are not in Crashaw's very finest manner. "To Pontius, Washing his Blood-stained Hands," which we have a vague impression we have already met with somewhere, is a typical example of the monstrous chains of conceits which these most unequal poets were at any moment liable to produce. The face of Pilate was originally a nymph—

The daughter of a fair and well-famed fountain  
As ever silver-tipped the side of shady mountain

(in itself a charming image); this nymph has suffered the fate of Philomela from this new Tereus, the hand of Pilate, and "appears Nothing but tears." A paraphrase of Grotius gives us a first version of the well-known verse on the Eucharist:—

The water blushed and started into wine.

We trace the great Crashaw of the fiery surprises but seldom in this long, tame, and somewhat crabbed poem; but he asserts himself in a few such phrases as this:—

Before the infant shrine  
Of my weak feet, the Persian Magi lay,  
And left their Mithra for my star;

\* Supplement to *Complete Works of Richard Crashaw* (1873). Edited by Alexander B. Grosart. Blackburn: privately printed. 1888.

and this, which well describes the condition of Crashaw's muse:—

A sweet inebriated ecstasy.

The new readings of old poems which the MS. gives are neither, it would seem, very numerous nor very important. "The Weeper" is such a distressing, indeed such a humiliating, poem that we receive a new stanza of it with indifference; we may note one novelty, this string of preposterous conceits on the tears of the Magdalen must in future close with a conceit that swallows up all the rest:—

Of such fair floods as this  
Heaven the crystal ocean is.

Dr. Grosart takes this opportunity of recording an interesting little discovery. Crashaw's important Latin poem "Bulla" is found to have made its first appearance in a very rare Cambridge volume, the *Crepundia Siliana* of Heynsius, in 1646, two years after the poet's ejection from his fellowship. It appeared the same year in the *Delights of the Muses*, with a considerable number of variations of the text. It is a pity that Crashaw did not write "Bulla" in English, for it is full of the characteristics of his style.

#### CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.\*

TO read *Pro Cluentio* is a big undertaking, to edit it is an enormous one, and it is not an easy one to pass judgment on any important edition of the most intricate, the most interesting, and in some respects the greatest, of Cicero's forensic speeches. In bulk it does not exceed twenty-five columns of the *Saturday Review*, but nearly every sentence of it justifies, if it does not demand, the commentator's interference. Beyond those refinements of language which are lost without a cultivated appreciation of Ciceronian Latinity—the rarest of scholarly powers—there lie the innumerable difficulties which can only be solved by a complete understanding of Roman law and usage; the tangled web of inconsistent and controversial statements of fact which Cicero's pleading was not intended to altogether unravel; and, finally, the provoking uncertainty of the text, displayed at some of the most inconvenient places and defying the most sanguine hopes of emendation. Since the late Professor Ramsay published his first edition, much in Germany and something in England has been done for the text. Mr. Fausset now comes forward, not so much to make new contributions as to sum up the achievements of his predecessors, and in this object he may be said to have won an honourable success. The too conservative text of Ramsay has practically been replaced by Classen's, but at all the most important points of variation Mr. Fausset's critical notes supply the reader with sufficient evidence for giving an independent judgment. He will not be acquitted in some minds from the charge of unduly depreciating the authority of the Vulgate, and of attaching more than their proper weight to subjective considerations and to such elements of corroboration as may be furnished by observations of Ciceronian usage, quotations of parallel passages, and theories of rhetorical propriety. It is not an unfavourable, perhaps it may be regarded as a favourable, illustration of this tendency which is given by Mr. Fausset's treatment of the last section of the

speech, where he replaces the *carum* of all the MSS., adopted by Classen and Ramsay, with the *carissimum* of Lambinus, accepted by Bait., Kays., Kl., and Müll. It is true that *carum* was co-ordinated with three other superlatives, but the *inconcinntas* of the MSS. reading, if it exists at all, does not seem to be intolerable. We do not wish to convey the impression that Mr. Fausset is faulty in judgment; he appears to have a genuine power of discrimination and some independence of mind. At § 127 he adopts Madvig's reading and supports it with a careful train of reasoning, finally rejecting the proposal of Mr. Davies to convert *comperisse* into *comparasse*; at § 66 he writes *donis datis muneribusque*, rejecting Classen's theory that *datis* was mistaken by the scribe for a substantive and glossed with *donis*, declaring that "there are limits to the stupidity of scribes," and suggesting that a scribe not familiar with the phrase *dona et munera* made the correction *datis muneribus*; at § 39 he writes *in quo alligatum*, rejecting "the undoubtedly false *inter allegatos*," supported by Ramsay as well as the *inter alligatos* of Turnebus, here agreeing with Classen. In the Introduction, which deals mainly with the facts of "the case against Cluentius," Mr. Fausset has given a methodical statement of all the ascertained points and a careful discussion of those which remain matters of doubt, as, for instance, the bearing of the sixth chapter of the "lex Cornelia de sicariis et veneficiis" on the legal accountability of Cluentius, a question which gave Cicero the opportunity of putting in a technical defence, while he professed, in deference to his client's wishes, to rely simply on the merits of the case. Mr. Fausset's Introduction cannot be called luminous. It has to be studied, but it rewards study. He gives a useful discussion of "the occasional colloquialisms" in Cicero's oratorical style; but, if space allowed, we should be glad to join issue with him as to some of the usages which he has classified as "colloquial." He has put together a good "glossary of selected words" (with derivations more or less hypothetical) like *calumnia*, *condicio*, *interpres* and *sequester* (the two aspects of a Roman Man-in-the-Moon), *prævaricari*, and *religio*. The "Explanatory Notes" are numerous but not redundant, full but not verbose. We do not pretend to have examined them except by taking a considerable number of samples, but we have not detected any serious misstatement, omission, or inaccuracy. But we wish to express an emphatic protest against the double fallacy implied in his statement that at the period of this speech "the virtue of old Italy was as obsolete as that of old Rome." It is nonsense which ought to be reserved for unfledged politicians to talk about the personal genius of the Cæsars "propping up for a few centuries longer" (as if that were quite a short time) the "tottering fabric of the Empire."

The American editions of Thucydides—Book I. by the late Professor C. D. Morris, and Book VII. by Professor Smith—are printed in beautiful type. Both are strictly based upon Classen's edition, but Professor Morris (we are told by the editor of the Series) "followed in the footsteps of no man slavishly," and at i. 21, he corrects Classen:—*Ἐκ δὲ τῶν κ.τ.λ. . . τοιαῦτα ἂν τις νομίμων μάλιστα ἀ διὰ τὸν οὐχ ἀμαρτάνει καὶ οὐτε ὡς ποιητὰ ὑμῖν κ.τ.λ. . . οὐτε ὡς λογογράφου ξυνέθεσαν κ.τ.λ. . . ἡρῶσθαι δὲ ἡγησάμενος κ.τ.λ.* Classen regarded these particles as "cond. prot. to ἀμαρτάνει ἂν," but had not observed (we are informed) that the negative is *οὐτε*—*οὐτε* instead of *μήτε*—whereas "the last two express the cause of the writer's conviction of the soundness of the result." On the other hand, Professor Morris has not observed the particle *καὶ* connecting the latter particles with the former. He is apt to fall into the scholarly fault of over-refinement, as at i. 17 in distinguishing *περιπαρῶν* (of inactive perception) from *περιδεῖν* (of non-perception) and at i. 86, *τοὺς μὲν λόγους τοὺς πολλοὺς τῶν Ἀθηναίων οὐ γινώσκω*, where he says that "the position of *τοὺς πολλοὺς* indicates the speaker's sense of weariness"; and at i. 122 he sees a very subtle, but nearly pointless, irony in what is more usually and more sensibly regarded as a serious assertion. His notes are clearly written, but unduly extended, and the translations are magnificently verbose. Favourable specimens of the generally sound commentary are found at i. 61, on *πέμπτον αὐτὸν*, where Gilbert's view is quoted (that the general named may be supposed to have had supremacy over his colleagues); and at i. 126, on *ἐπὶ τὸν Ὀλύμπιον*; as well as at the many places where involved constructions have been carefully and (so far as possible) lucidly analysed. It is not clear what principle Professor Morris has followed in dividing his foot-notes from what he calls "critical notes," relegated to the second part of the appendix. If they related merely to textual criticism it would be an intelligible, but in the case of Thucydides a highly inconvenient, plan; but they deal with all kinds of subjects, including "the chronology of the 'pentecontaetia,'" and, in fact, they are the best, most important, and most original, part of Professor Morris's work, being neatly worded and fairly argued discussions of the most difficult passages in the First Book. They can be recommended without any reserve. Not so the first part of the Appendix, which professes to give a list of the codices and editions of Thucydides. Not so the Introduction, though (like the text) it is "based upon Classen." It does not appear whether this wordy essay is to be attributed to the late Professor Morris or to the general editor, Professor Williams White. The most valuable part of it is a statement of Classen's views upon "Ulrich's theory of the composition of the History of Thucydides." The literary criticism of this Introduction may be judged from a few extracts:—"The fundamental character of the language of Thucydides [in the speeches] is the greatest simplicity and naturalness"; "the view of the world" which is to be

\* *M. Tullii Ciceronis pro A. Cluentio Oratio*. With Explanatory and Critical Notes by W. Yorke Fausset, M.A., Assistant-Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh, late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

*Thucydides, Book I.* Edited, on the basis of Classen's edition, by Charles D. Morris, Professor in the Johns Hopkins University. Boston: Ginn & Co. London: Tribner & Co.

*Thucydides, Book VII.* Edited, on the basis of Classen's edition, by Charles Foster Smith, Professor of Greek in Vanderbilt University. Boston: Ginn & Co. London: Tribner & Co.

*Herodotus, IX. 1-89 (Plataea)*. With Introduction and Notes by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A., late Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, formerly Master at Eton. Cambridge: Pitt Press Series.

*P. Vergili Maronis Bucolica*. Edited, with Introduction and English Notes, by A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Cambridge: Pitt Press Series.

*Virgil—Bucolics*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. S. Jerram, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, Editor of "Luciani Vera Historia" &c. In Two Parts. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

*P. Terentii Phormio*. With Notes and Introductions, intended for the Higher Forms of Public Schools, by the Rev. A. Sloman, M.A., Head-Master of Birkenhead School, formerly Master of the Queen's Scholars of Westminster. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

*Stories from Ovid's Metamorphoses*. Edited, for the use of Schools, by the Rev. John Bond, Chaplain of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and Arthur S. Walpole, M.A., Master in Rossall School. With Notes, Exercises, and Vocabulary. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

*Easy Selections from Ovid in Elegiac Verse*. Arranged and edited, with Notes, Vocabularies, and Exercises in Latin Verse Composition, by Herbert Wilkinson, M.A., formerly Postmaster of Merton College, Oxford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

*Ninth Book of Virgil's Æneid*. With a Vocabulary by John T. White, D.D. Oxon. (White's Grammar-school Texts.) London and New York: Longmans & Co.

*Greek Examination Papers in Miscellaneous Grammar and Idioms*. Compiled by A. M. M. Stedman, M.A., Wadham College, Oxon. London: Bell & Sons.

*First Exercises in Latin Prose*. With Notes and Vocabularies by E. D. Mansfield, M.A., late Assistant-Master at Clifton College. London: Rivingtons.

*Progressive Exercises in Latin Verse*. By G. Granville Gepp, M.A., Assistant-Master at Bradfield College. Seventh edition, revised. London: Rivingtons.



assigned to Thucydides is "a pious feeling of dependence on the divine power," coupled with "a belief which rises above the forms of special worship"; and the "moral confusion," which prevailed at Corcyra after the political convulsions, Thucydides is perverted into attributing to an intellectual inability to distinguish between right and wrong. The chief merit of Professor Morris's edition of Book I. appears to be careful scholarship combined with clearness of expression and candour in argument. On chronology he is painfully exact, but does not appear to have a very firm hold of Athenian law, if we may judge from his note at i. 77 on *ἐνυβολαῖος* πρὸς τοὺς *ἐνυμύχους* δίκαις (of inter-federal jurisdiction), which he identifies with *δίκαι ἀπὸ ἐνυβόλων* as being *ex contractu*, as distinguished from *βλάβης δίκαι*, actions *ex delicto*.

It is creditable to the editor of the series that the above book is closely resembled, in its main features, by Professor Smith's edition of the Seventh Book. Here, again, the best notes are in the Appendix. Professor Smith is very full in his citation of other commentators; thus at vii. 28, on a passage of recognized difficulty, he quotes Classen (with proper acknowledgment) for nearly a page and a half. At vii. 13, *ἐν αὐτομολίας* ποσάσαι, after fully summarizing Classen, Goeller, Grote and Stahl, he modestly confines to a couple of lines his own summing up, in which he declares that Classen's view is the best that has been offered, although it does not fully clear up the difficulty. "Classen seems to mean that the opportunity was the occasion (cause) for desertion." Professor Smith's edition is rendered more valuable than it otherwise would have been by his having made use of Holm, who has a good knowledge of the country in the neighbourhood of Syracuse.

Mr. Shuckburgh's edition of *Herodotus* (ix. 1-89) has only two serious faults. The first is that it is written in the horrid jargon which abounds with monstrosities of speech like "metopes," "Oresteium," "Perieki," and finally reduces itself to absurdity in "the Lakedæmonians." The second is that, by separating the commentary proper from the matter of the "historical and geographical index," he has been sometimes obliged to choose between saying the same thing twice over and leaving each of his two statements incomplete. The chapters which he has edited deal with the Persian invasion of Greece, "from the spring of B.C. 489 to the final repulse at Platæa," and make an "episode sufficiently complete in itself" to form the subject of a separate book. Mr. Shuckburgh is at his best in dealing with matters of tactics and strategy—as e.g. on the exact position of the Persian army (c. xv.), and on the ancient developments of military signalling, from the rude Homeric beacon to the elaborate alphabet which was perfected by Polybius. On the familiar difficulty of the words in c. xxxiii.—*παρὰ ἐν πάλασμα ἔδραμε νικῶν δολυμυρία*—Mr. Shuckburgh writes quite a little treatise. He does not accept Abicht's view that the pentathlic winner was obliged to be first in all five events, and in favour of his own theory (that the winner of three out of five was entitled to the prize) he quotes the circumstantial statement of Pausanias that Tisamenos "won in racing and leaping against Hieronymus of Andros, but was beaten by him in the wrestling, and so lost the victory."

Like all the rest of Mr. A. Sidgwick's work, his edition of the *Bucolics* is neat and scholarly. Not being intended for advanced students, the notes on doubtful and disputed passages are concise and sometimes dogmatic. At iv. 46, *Talia vœcla suis dixerunt currere fuis*, he follows sufficiently high authority in comparing phrases like *currere æquor* and disposes of Conington's less attractive view (which regards the *talia* as parallel with the vocative use of *oïtos*, as in O. C. 1677), by declaring the usage to be harsh, and by objecting to the vocative with *fuis*. Similarly at v. 66 he translates "two *aræ* as *altaræ*," remarking that "the *aræ* was for libations and ordinary offerings, *altaræ* for victims," as if this distinction supported his apposite interpretation. He does not compare the parallel passage from the *Pharsalia*, iii. 404, *Structæ divis altaribus aræ*, and appears to believe that he has quite settled the question. At vi. 35, *Tum durare solum*, &c., he supplies a nominative, *orbis*, from the line above, and translates "the world hardens its soil." At iii. 102 he explains *neque* as "used by a strange license" for *ne—quidem* (*Hic certe neque amor causa est*); but at ix. 6 (*quod nec veritat bene*) he favours the view of *nec* being an archaism for the simple negative. On iv. 18, "production" has been written in place of "produce" or "productiveness." But the faults are few in this book and the merits considerable. It is quite the best of Mr. Sidgwick's tasteful little pot-boilers, and deserves praise enough to justify a protest against the affectation of writing about "Vergil." Vergilius, if that gives any satisfaction to Mr. Sidgwick; but the English word is Virgil.

Of Mr. C. S. Jerram's edition of the *Bucolics* we have only received Part I, the Introduction and Text; the Second Part, containing the Notes, has not reached us. The introduction is sound and readable; the text is good and clearly printed, and there is a fairly complete list of "the more important various readings and emendations."

Mr. Sloman has produced a serviceable and sensible edition of the *Phormio* (the play which was acted at Westminster last year), and he has profited by his "unique opportunities" of studying the play in its practical aspects to intersperse the Latin text with minute English stage-directions. Some of them are superfluous, a few are questionable, and all of them are verbose. But, taken in the lump, they add great value to this edition, helping to unravel the intricacy of the plot, and imparting life and reality

to the study of a dead language. Expurgation is effected by "the substitution of similars." Our old friend *leno* figures as *homo impurissimus*; and *amica* is "made an honest woman of," as is shown in the very pointed question addressed by Nausistrata to her over-married husband:—

Adeon indignum hoc tibi videtur, filius  
Homo adulescens si habet unam amicam, tu uxores duas?

Mr. Sloman changes the latter words into *unam uxorem, tu senex duas*. But he becomes positively facetious in his emendation of Geta's account of "the love-sick youth":—

Sibi ut ejus faciat copiam; obscra-  
t

which is turned into

Sibi ut eam liceat visere. obscra-  
t

In spite of his "unique opportunities," Mr. Sloman has failed to grasp the subtleties of Terentian characterization. Speaking of Phormio, he says that "he may be a rogue, but he is no hypocrite like Chremes," who has been practising for sixteen years "a criminal deception" on his wife, but yet shows "no contrition for his abominable conduct." The notes do not shirk any of the important difficulties. They are not particularly full of information or suggestion; but they have been carefully written and compressed, so as to be readable to the ordinary student of Terence and sufficient for his purposes.

Messrs. Bond and Walpole's partnership business appears to be a going concern. *Stories from Ovid's Metamorphoses* is made up of about five hundred lines from the lighter tales which are scattered about the fifteen Books; the little vulgar boy (for instance) who incurred the wrath of Ceres by "spoiling her drink," Philemon and Baucis entertaining gods unawares, and the gorgeous Midas punished for bad taste in music. The editors' notes are humble in their aims, but sufficient for beginners in Latin. Generally they are not misleading and antiquated like this account of *induitur aures*:—"Poets use an accusative with *induo* of that with which one is covered." Midas was not covered with ears; the usage is not confined to *induo*, or even to words of cognate meaning; it is not peculiar to poets; and the suggested explanation is at once insufficient in itself and wrong as far as it goes.

Mr. Herbert Wilkinson stands on firmer ground in the Exercises which he has constructed on the Latin text of his *Easy Selections from Ovid in Elegiac Verse*. This is a companion book to Messrs. Bond and Walpole's, but it is much better than theirs; Mr. Wilkinson's short notes are unexceptionable in their clearness and correctness. The vocabulary system adopted in this series (Macmillan's "Elementary Classics") is detestable in its principle and pernicious in its effects. Most of the passages selected by Mr. Wilkinson are short enough for single lessons—a point of very great importance. It is noticeable that "the Life of Ovid" as summarized by Mr. Wilkinson differs from Messrs. Bond and Walpole's account of him. He was banished at the age of 51 (H. W.), at the age of 50 (B. & W.); died in A.D. 18 (H. W.), in A.D. 17 (B. & W.); at the age of sixty (H. W.), in his sixtieth year (B. & W.) In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* Professor Sellar agrees with neither of our present authorities; he says that Ovid was born in B.C. 43 and died in A.D. 17, at the age of sixty-one. The views of Jones *minimus* will probably resemble those of Lord Melbourne presiding at a Cabinet Council:—"I don't care what story we tell, gentlemen, but we may as well all tell the same one."

Dr. White has edited the *Ninth Æneid* because he believes that there is a dearth of cheap classical school books. That is a delusion which might easily have been dispelled. Dr. White divides his book into two parts, Text and Vocabulary; and in the vocabulary each noun or verb (in its "nom. sing." or "pres. ind. act. 1st p.") is explained as it is used in the text; anything which need be known about it for the present purpose is sure to be there; sometimes a little too much, as in the case of *Siturnia Juno*. The objection to Dr. White's system is that the same grammatical remarks must be many times repeated under different heads; but we are not sure that it would not possess some countervailing advantages for a young man who wanted to get hold of a little Latin but had not the time or means to be properly taught. The book ought not to be admitted into any "grammar school," but it may be recommended to commercially educated members of Parliament who wish to obtain just enough Latin to make a misquotation in the House.

Mr. Mansfield's *First Exercises in Latin Prose* differs from most other primers in the Rules being put at the end of the book and the Exercises at the beginning; and the Latin words for each Exercise, instead of being conveniently placed at the head or foot, are stowed away in separate vocabularies appended to the rules. Mr. Mansfield declares that "a rote knowledge of all syntax rules is now happily discredited." If that is so, we are sorry for it. We do not see that Mr. Mansfield's explanations (which are well enough in their way) will serve to replace this antiquated exactitude; nor do we understand how the rules of syntax can be learnt properly without in the process being learnt by heart.

Mr. Stedman's *Greek Examination Papers in Miscellaneous Grammar and Idioms* is a useful book for teachers who cannot draw up a list of questions for themselves. Some of them are easy, others catchy, and a few are "twisters." Special attention is paid to technical and quasi-technical terms, as well as to the derivation of English from Greek words.

Having reached a seventh edition, Mr. Gepp's *Exercises in*

*Latin Elegiac Verse* carries its own testimonial of practical merit. Many verse-books have failed because the makers have not understood what passages are easy and what are difficult to young boys; but Mr. Gepp's arrangement is really progressive. The plan is to expound the meaning of the English poetical lines in very bald prose; and, on the whole, it is a better plan than any other which dispenses with oral teaching, though it has obvious defects and dangers. Mr. Gepp is, in our opinion, inclined to be unduly expansive in his renderings, as in the case of "Ride a Cock-horse To Banbury Cross," which is rendered, "Go—my (noster) knees shall serve instead (*vicem prestare*) of a hack (*caballus*) for thee, to where a marble statue (*marmor* or *statua*) adorns the Banbury (*Banburiensis*) market-place." Plenty of "aids to versification" are given, including lists of the names of birds, flowers, and young ladies.

#### LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY.\*

THE author, in his preface, informs us that the first five of these lectures were delivered before the Society of Arts in the year 1886, and that shorthand notes were taken at the time, from which the present printed lectures were taken with some alteration. This work bears abundant evidence of its origin; it has all the conciseness, all the fire, and all the perspicacity to be expected of an "extemporaneous" lecture delivered by a practised teacher full of his subject, though perhaps it is disfigured here and there by the over-condensation forced on the lecturer by the limitation of time. We may at once express our regret that so practised a writer as Professor Forbes should not have removed even this slight blemish from his work before publication, and we make this observation thus early because the remarkable and unusual good qualities of this short series of lectures make even the smallest fault shine out with great clearness.

Again, in the preface we are told that these "lectures were primarily intended for an intelligent audience, ignorant of electrical science, but anxious to obtain sufficient knowledge of the subject to be able to follow the progress now being made in the science." We can at once say that these lectures ought most thoroughly to fulfil their purpose. Not only are the leading principles of electrical science accurately and clearly laid down, but this has been done without using any of the old misleading leading-strings of "electric fluid," "electricity," or "positive and negative electricity." To give one example amongst many:—quite early in the first lecture, after showing the effect of rubbing glass with silk and the behaviour of a pith ball between the two, the author goes on to say:—

We now find that, after the light ball has touched the rubbed silk or glass, the electrified space moves it also in opposite directions. In each case the ball is said to be electrified by contact; but there is something different in the two means of electrifying the ball. We must denote this by some language, so we say that the ball is positively electrified if it moves towards the silk, and negatively if it moves towards the glass.

And, further on:—

These actions of the space on an electrified ball and on rubbed glass and silk are the same as if two positively electrified bodies repel each other, and as if two negatively electrified bodies repel each other, and as if a positively electrified body attracts a negatively electrified body. Hence a rule is often given, which saves time in stating the facts—namely, that "Like electricities repel, unlike electricities attract." This is a most unscientific way of speaking, because there are no such things as electricities. Electricity is merely the science of electrical phenomena. Nor is it even true that the electrified bodies attract and repel each other. It is the electrified space which acts on the electrified bodies, and makes them act as if they attract and repel each other. All this must be remembered if the above rule is quoted.

Again, further on:—

The most extensive experiments have all gone to prove that we cannot electrify one body positively without at the same time electrifying another negatively to an equal extent. In fact, the only effects which we have observed, or can discover are those produced in and by the electrified space lying between those bodies which we say are positively and negatively electrified.

Now here we have a teacher for the first time in our experience taking the trouble to give his hearers the pure doctrine of Faraday and Clerk Maxwell at the very beginning of the subject, instead of either giving bald facts or trying to string the facts together by easily remembered but misleading analogies. Professor Forbes all through his discussion of what used to be called "static electricity" makes use of the simple, clear, and scientific term "electrical condition," or sometimes "electrification"; and speaks of the motion of electrical condition and the attractions and repulsions of electrical conditions in discussing induction and such phenomena, instead of the motion or repulsion of "electricity." This leads to the following short, but excellent, exposition of that most difficult mental conception—electromotive force. The author says:—

I am now going to describe a kind of force which does not rightly have that title in the Newtonian sense of the word. It is usually called electromotive force, implying that it is a force which moves electricity and not matter, and, since electricity is not a material substance, this is not strictly a force. Newton called force that which causes or tends to cause motion in a body. While we have been watching the electric forces we have seen

motions given to a piece of matter. When the force of gravity is acting on a falling body it is producing motion; when it is acting on a weight on a table it is tending to produce motion, but it only exerts pressure on the table owing to the resistance offered by the table. In all cases of force-action, as Newton intended the word force to be used, there is motion produced, or a tendency to produce motion, in a piece of matter. Electromotive force moves, or tends to move, a positive electrification in one direction and a negative electrification in the opposite direction in a conductor.

This leads on to an excellent exposition of the phenomena of induction, and here occurs one of the curious gaps which might well have been filled up before the work was published. Although throughout the work Professor Forbes is continually quoting and praising Faraday, and although he is full of the possible practical future of "Influence" machines, he omits all reference to Faraday's classical "Ice-pail" experiment, which is the foundation upon which all influence machines are built. However, the subject is steadily worked out, clearly and in a true scientific spirit, up to the point where the author, before passing on to magnetism and electromagnetism, is able to sum up in these words:—

We have learned something when we have been led by experiment to accept the fact that, whether the electrification is in a stable condition or whether the electrical strain is being continuously relieved by conduction, we have in all cases a manifestation of one single agency acting in obedience to a limited number of very definite laws. The electromotive force established in the space between a piece of glass and silk that have been rubbed together is of the same character as that established between the terminals of a galvanic cell. The discharge of the Wimshurst machine is identical in character with the current from a battery.

The chapter on Magnetism is extremely good, and the opinions set forth are, no doubt, those with which the majority of men of science would agree, mixed and obscure as this branch of the subject is up to the present time. Throughout the author keeps faithful to Faraday and to æther, and is very happy in his exposition of the modern convention of magnetic resistance. Although there is one very striking experiment of Professor Hughes's described, it is rather curious to find no further reference to his experimental results or to the deductions which he draws from them. Many of these experiments would have illustrated with great emphasis the points on which the author is dwelling, and we can only ascribe their omission to the pressure of time which we referred to at the beginning of this review.

One of the most interesting chapters is that on Electromagnetism, which is not only as lucid and as logical as the others, but in which Professor Forbes always keeps before the mind how all that we know of the mutual influences of currents and magnets might have been deduced by simple reasoning from Ørsted's original discovery of the deflection and direction of deflection of a magnetic needle by a wire conveying a current. A minor but very great merit in this chapter is that the corkscrew memoria technica for the action of currents and magnets is given, which, in our opinion, is the only one which is of any use, as the memoria technica of a man swimming in the current gets hopelessly mixed in the mind of a student who has consulted several text-books, as sometimes he is told to imagine the current entering at his head, at other times to imagine he is swimming with the current, and each of these forms is varied by one author suggesting that the bewildered student should be on his back, whilst another authority will direct him to place himself on his face. Professor Forbes apparently agrees with us, for he recommends the corkscrew rule as superior to the others, "if you happen to know which way a corkscrew turns." This reservation appears very alarming to us. Can it be that amongst an audience at the lecture theatre of the Society of Arts there can be even a large minority in so dreadful a state of modern advancement as not to be familiar with the manipulation of this help to man? We hasten to return to the book before us, and, to conclude, we can only say that we wish Professor Forbes had had the time or inclination to expand this series of lectures into an elementary text-book, so that students might be able to learn the rudiments of the science without picking up a mass of hypotheses and analogies which they find so difficult to discard when the higher branches of the subject have to be attacked. As the book stands, we can heartily recommend it to all who wish to get a working outline of the main electrical phenomena, and some idea of the way in which scientific men regard them, and the attitude of mind which is leading to more and more light being thrown on their origin and intimate nature.

#### FISHER'S FOREST OF ESSEX.\*

THE Forest of Essex, of which the remnant is better known to the present generation by the name of Epping, is a very proper subject for a monograph; and Mr. Fisher, to whose patient and acute research it was largely due that the battle of Epping Forest was fought and won before the late Master of the Rolls, was of all men the best entitled to make that monograph a labour of love. He can afford to treat with indifference any suggestion that either the labour of the author, or the luxury with which his goodly quarto has been produced, is out of proportion to the general interest of the matter. A monograph must be on a scale that would not be justified in a general history or treatise, for otherwise it would not be a monograph. In this case, however, the local and specially antiquarian interest is subordinate.

\* *A Course of Lectures on Electricity, delivered before the Society of Arts.* By George Forbes, M.A., F.R.S. (L. & E.), F.R.A.S., M.S.T.E. and E. Assoc. Inst. C.E. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

\* *The Forest of Essex: its History, Laws, Administration, and Ancient Customs, and the Wild Deer which lived in it.* By William Richard Fisher. London: Butterworths.



Epping Forest is an example of typical importance, whether we regard it as students of law, or of the history of social customs, or of the legal and conservative, one might almost say the ultra-legal and ultra-conservative, means by which popular reforms can be and have been effected in this country. To make the ancient forest law, which was odious to the chronicler of the eleventh century, the instrument of preserving trees and turf, in the interest of the people at large, from the advance of bricks and mortar in the nineteenth, was an eminently English and eminently lawyerlike achievement. We could easily have forgiven Mr. Fisher for having, or for showing, more pride in his share of it than he allows to appear. But his modesty in this regard is itself part of a professional tradition, and the tradition is a wholesome one.

Epping is, as we said, a typical forest. Some day the history of Dartmoor will have to be written; and Dartmoor, being legally complicated by its peculiar relations to the Duchy of Cornwall, presents a great many features which a lawyer is at first sight inclined to give up as inexplicable. That historian, whoever he may be, will be glad to make sure, through Mr. Fisher's book, of certain points of contact with the general type. For example, the Forest of Dartmoor (as every one calls it, though in strict propriety of legal phrase it is a chase) is surrounded by a belt of lands known as the "commons of Devon," mostly not separated by any physical boundaries from the Forest. These are the waste of divers manors held by notable persons of the county, the Duke of Bedford and others, and besides the ordinary incidents of manorial rights and customs, they are subject to peculiar rights exercised by the Duchy in respect of the Forest. The materials for investigating the origin of those rights are as yet only in part accessible, but what now concerns us is that the "commons of Devon" have a parallel to some extent in the "purlieus" of the Forest of Essex. The legal theory of the purlieus is that they are lands disafforested by virtue of the Carta Foresta, but nevertheless remaining subject to forest regulations for certain purposes. We find here a right of "drift" claimed and exercised by the Crown, similar in all essentials to the rights which are still quite practically exercised on behalf of the Duchy of Cornwall on Dartmoor. Both the extent of the purlieus in space and the application of the rules as to persons appear to have been ill defined in the Forest of Essex. When we consider that the forest law was never regarded as a branch of the common law, but was a system standing apart no less than the law of the Admiralty or of the Court Christian, we may perhaps be inclined to think that our knowledge of its substance and its working is on the whole not less but more definite than might have been expected.

Incidentally, however, we get some light on matters which seem to belong to an earlier and more general history. Mr. Fisher points out that the rights of lopping and taking wood which were maintained in Loughton down to a quite recent time (they have been extinguished by compensation under the Epping Forest Act) can hardly be referred to the forest law. His references to the Codex Diplomaticus (p. 245 of the book) will be found profitable, especially by such readers as may have been tempted to accept Mr. Seeborn's ingenious but untenable rehabilitation of the Blackstonian theory of rights of common. Rights which in the early part of the ninth century were described in carefully-framed documents as common and ancient cannot have begun within the preceding century or two in the way of allowances from lords to their dependants. In this and other ways Mr. Fisher's book is one which the student of mediæval tenures, whether he be specially interested in forests or not, cannot afford to neglect.

It is sometimes supposed that commons are in danger of encroachment only, or mainly, at the hands of lords of manors and other considerable landowners. We have no desire whatever to extenuate the attempts of this kind made by people who ought to have known better, and set a better example; attempts, we say, remembering that in the last twenty years many such proceedings have been happily frustrated, and that the establishment of local associations, acting at need in concert with the Commons Preservation Society, is every day making them less likely to succeed. Epping Forest itself is the great example. But commoners have also been deprived of much of their rights by the encroachments of small squatters, individually, it may be, trifling, but collectively serious. Mr. Fisher shows that in the last century a good deal of this went on, apparently with the consent of the lords as often as not. Quite lately the same thing has given trouble in at least one quarter of Dartmoor. There is often a spurious popular sentiment in these cases in favour of not disturbing the poor man's industry—an industry exercised at the expense of other people's property, without even the excuse so dear to false sentiment of those people being rich. And this makes it difficult, sometimes impossible, to deal effectively with the class of encroachments in question. In the case we have in mind the officers of the Duchy were fain to compound with the squatters and release the Duchy rights. Whether they also purported to release the rights of the commoners we know not, and as to the Duchy having any power to do so we offer no opinion.

Mr. Fisher will hardly profess that his book is likely to be found amusing by the general reader; but it has many points of interest to scholars besides those we have mentioned, and it is excellently equipped as a book of reference. Moreover, it is adorned with facsimiles of a thirteenth-century charter and of the Forest cattle-marks, and with a series of maps showing the extent of the Forest and its relation to the manors included in or adjacent to it at various times.

## BOOKS ON DIVINITY.\*

WE are glad to welcome the third and concluding volume of Dr. Ebrard's *Christian Apologetics*, which will take a high place in the department of theological literature to which it belongs. The greater part of the present volume is a continuation of the "ethnographical and historical sketch" commenced in Vol. II., and takes us in order through the various races of Asia and Polynesia, the savage races of Africa, and the peoples and hordes of America, with the view of showing that here also, as in the cases previously examined, the heathen world betrays a decided tendency, not to rise, but to sink from an earlier and relatively purer knowledge of God. On the other hand, we find everywhere fresh confirmation of the unity of the human race and of the primitive tradition it had inherited, and are thus led to recognize "the scientifically certain fact that the population of all parts of the earth has gone forth from the West of Inner Asia, the Euphrates region," and has carried with it in its dispersion over the world, in however crude or confused a shape, the remembrance of a primitive monotheism, of the sin of our first parents and its deadly consequences, of the rebellion of the old giants, the flood, and the confusion of tongues. In the later part of the volume Dr. Ebrard traces briefly "the redemptive acts of God" through the Old Testament dispensation down to the Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

We learn from Dr. Flint's preface that Pünjer died of consumption in 1885 at the age of thirty-four. His *History of the Christian Philosophy of Religion* appeared five years earlier, when he was still a Privat-Dozent in the University of Jena, where he became afterwards a theological professor extraordinary. We are cautioned that it is merely a history, not a criticism, of philosophico-religious theories, and the great merit claimed for it by Dr. Flint is rigid accuracy of presentation. In one sense the volume contains more, in another less, than the title-page would lead us to expect. It includes an introductory chapter on religious philosophy in the ancient and mediæval Church, and it excludes all notice of recent English, French, or Italian religious philosophy. The sketch of patristic and scholastic theology is however of the meagre, though fairly accurate as far as it goes; Augustine, Aquinas, and Duns Scotus *e.g.* are each dismissed in a single page. Nor is the information given us much fuller when we come to later times, though it is so far exhaustive that all the leading Protestant or Rationalistic divines are chronicled; thus Martin Luther has six pages assigned him, and Zwingli, with whom the author shows

*Apologetics, or the Scientific Vindication of Christianity.* By J. H. A. Ebrard, Ph.D., D.D. Translated by Rev. J. Macpherson. Vol. III. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

*History of the Christian Philosophy of Religion from the Reformation to Kant.* By Bernhard Pünjer. Translated by W. Hastie, B.D., with a Preface by R. Flint, D.D., LL.B. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

*History of the Christian Church.* By G. P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

*The Royal Power of the Church, or the Fundamentals of the Canon Law.* A Dissertation by the Rev. E. G. Wood, B.D. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1888.

*The Creator, and what we may know of the Method of Creation.* The Fernley Lecture of 1887. By W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S. London: T. Woolmer.

*The Risen Christ and King of Men.* By J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

*A Manual of Introduction to the New Testament.* By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Translated by A. J. K. Davidson. Vol. I. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

*The Gospel of St. Mark.* By the Very Rev. G. A. Chadwick, D.D., Dean of Armagh. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

*Lectures on the Book of Job.* By G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

*Christianity and Evolution: Modern Problems of the Faith.* London: James Nisbet & Co.

*The Reign of Causality: a Vindication of the Scientific Principle of Causal Efficiency.* By R. Watts, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1888.

*Faint yet Pursuing; and other Sermons.* By E. J. Hardy, M.A. Chaplain to H.M. Forces. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

*Apologia ad Hebræos. The Epistle (and Gospel) to the Hebrews.* By Zenas. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

*School Ideals: Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Rossall School.* By H. A. James, B.D., late Headmaster, Dean of St. Asaph. London: Macmillan & Co.

*The Palmist and the Scientist; or, Modern Value of the Religious Sentiment.* By G. Matheson, D.D. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

*John Wesley and Modern Methodism.* By F. Hockin, M.A. Fourth edition, enlarged. London: Rivingtons.

*Studies in the Life and Character of St. Peter.* By the Rev. H. A. Birks, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

*Religio Viatoris.* London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

*Dives and Pasper; and other Sermons.* By A. C. Auchmuty, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

*Non-Miraculous Christianity; and other Sermons.* Preached in the Chapel, Trinity College, Dublin. By G. Salmon, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Gnosticism and Agnosticism; and other Sermons.* By G. Salmon, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Christ or Ecclesiastes. Sermons Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral.* By the Rev. H. S. Holland, Canon of St. Paul's. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

*Thoughts on Revelation and Life from the Writings of B. F. Westcott, D.D.* Arranged and edited by S. Phillips, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

more sympathy, has ten. We cannot at all agree with Dr. Flint that nowhere else will a student get nearly so much knowledge on the subject as in this book, and that he must be an excessively learned man who has nothing to learn from it. On the contrary, it will convey little information to those who are moderately familiar with the subject; its real value is as a handbook for reference, and in that way it may serve a useful purpose.

It certainly required some courage in Dr. Fisher, who is a Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University, to conceive the design of compressing into a single octavo volume a *History of the Church* from the Apostles' days to our own, which opens with a sketch of the state of the Gentile world at the time of the Advent and closes with a discussion of modern English hymnology, Catholic and Protestant. The author tells us in his preface that his two leading objects have been to exhibit throughout the connexion of ecclesiastical and secular history, and to present a tolerably complete survey of the history of doctrine. It is perhaps for this reason that he has throughout adopted Neander's plan of dividing the external history from that of doctrine and of ritual, which has its conveniences, but certainly has its drawbacks, as it seriously interferes with the reader's gaining a clear idea of the life of the Church as an organic whole. It is a more questionable peculiarity of the author's to omit not only all footnotes, but all reference to his authorities, whereby he makes a very large demand on the implicit faith of his readers. That this confidence would in the main be justified we see no reason to dispute. Dr. Fisher appears to have done his work in a painstaking and impartial spirit; but the result can hardly be called a success. His standpoint is that of orthodox Protestantism, and as regards Church organization he professes his present adherence to "the conclusions of Lightfoot in his Edition of Clement and his Philippians," but is "ready for further light." He might have found further light in the Bishop's masterly edition of the Ignatian Epistles, to which oddly enough—we mean the Epistles, not only the Commentary—he makes no reference at all. We cannot think this very compendious method of compiling Church history a serviceable one. It is a mere dry catalogue of facts "packed close as herrings," wholly uninteresting to read, and not very serviceable as a book of reference, especially when no authorities are cited.

We have a very different writer indeed to deal with in the Rev. E. G. Wood, whose *Dissertation on the Canon Law*, though it will appeal, as he must be aware, to only a very limited circle of readers, is a thoroughly learned and solid treatise on the particular subject-matter which he has evidently made his own. Mr. Wood is a scholar as well as a divine, and his literary aptitude and lucid method and style enable him to bring out clearly, even for those who are not experts, the leading points of a somewhat abstruse and difficult subject, and its bearing on theology and Church history.

Dr. Dallinger's *Fernley Lecture* is addressed not so much to students as to the general public, and is designed to show that the foundations of religious belief are not really imperilled by "the splendid advance" of physical science, or as he—to our mind mistakenly and somewhat inconsistently—terms it, "Science," as though the mental sciences had no claim to the title. He argues with much force and clearness that there are more things in heaven and earth than are included in the sphere of physical science, which after all can only explain the succession of phenomena without revealing the ultimate mystery of causation, and therefore "the coarser Materialism can bring no lasting danger to philosophical Theism."

The widow of the late Mr. Baldwin Brown, who was well known as an able and devout Congregationalist preacher, has published a collection of sixteen of his Sermons under the title of *The Risen Christ*. They deal, as the title indicates, with various aspects of the Resurrection, viewed in its philosophy, its history, and its results for the individual Christian and for the community; and their scope is thus in part apologetic, in part hortatory and didactic. The first eight, which represent the beginning of a treatise the author did not live to complete, are on the whole decidedly superior to the later ones, some of which have only a very indirect relation to the central topic; the three best, we think, are those dealing with the historical evidence of the Resurrection.

It would not be easy to gather from his somewhat obscure preface—clearness of style is neither his own forte nor his translator's—the precise drift of Dr. Weiss's *Introduction to the New Testament*. But the plan of the work is really simple enough. After a preliminary chapter on "the Science of Introduction"—which means a *résumé* of what leading German divines have said on the subject during the present century—the volume is divided into two unequal parts, the first dealing with the history of the formation of the New Testament Canon, the second and longest with the history of the origin of the actual writings of which it is composed, which in the present volume however comprises the Pauline Epistles only. This looks at first sight like putting the cart before the horse, but the author's object is first to trace the growth of the received Canon, and then to test its validity by historical and contemporary evidence. The first part of his inquiry is conducted in minute detail and in a workmanlike manner, and supplies a very useful compendium of the facts. We shall await with interest the conclusion of Dr. Weiss's independent investigation of the authenticity of the Canon in his second volume, which will no doubt be furnished with an Index, an indispensable requisite in works of this sort.

We do not quite understand why Dr. Chadwick is called

"Prebendary" on the cover of this volume and "Dean" on the title-page. His *Gospel of St. Mark* is a verse to verse commentary, of rather a commonplace kind, meant for edification, not for criticism. It follows the Revised Version, but without any intimation, still less explanation, of its variations from the Authorized, even in critical passages like Mark iii. 29, where the new reading (*ἀμαρτίαν*), whether correct or not, is a purely conjectural emendation with hardly any ancient authority.

Dean Bradley's *Lectures on Job*, like his previous course on Ecclesiastes, were preached in Westminster Abbey, and are prefaced by the same disclaimer—which indeed was hardly needed—of any attempt to throw fresh light on the "linguistic or historical" problems connected with the book. He professes a general acquiescence in the critical conclusions of Dr. Cheyne, whose work on the subject was noticed in our columns last year, and who places the composition about a thousand years later than the traditional date. The Dean tells us that his interest in Job was first excited by a very striking—and we may add somewhat revolutionary—comment from the pen of Mr. J. A. Froude, which appeared in the *Westminster Review* thirty-five years ago. The lectures are more interesting than those on Ecclesiastes—partly no doubt because the subject is more interesting—but leave on the mind something of the same vague sense of disappointment.

The collection of papers published under the title of *Christianity and Evolution* is a reprint of later articles from the *Homiletic Magazine* by ten different writers, all clerics of some sort, whose attitude towards modern problems of the faith is not exactly identical. The papers are of various degrees of merit and interest, and might fairly pass muster as magazine articles, but it is not at all obvious why "it has been thought advisable to republish" the series.

Dr. Watts, who is a Professor in the Presbyterian College of Belfast, tells us that the object of his volume is indicated in the title, but to ordinary readers the title, which speaks of *The Scientific Principle of Telic Causality*, will appear the most puzzling part of the book. When however we understand that the barbarous terminology of the title-page simply means the principle of final causes, and that the author's aim is to show that no theory of physical causation can be adequate which ignores the informing action of a Creative Mind, matters are simplified; and it is fair to say that the obscurity is confined to the title-page. The thesis is argued out with much clearness and force.

The Sermons to Soldiers published under the title of *Faint yet Puruing* are by the author of *How to be Happy though Married*, who thinks people may like to have his thoughts on more serious subjects, "if there is any subject more serious than matrimony," and he hopes his sermons, which are short, will not be found tedious. The hope seems to be justified. There is a short and sensible introduction on the art of preaching, and Mr. Hardy shows himself able, in this respect at least, to practise what he preaches. His discourses are terse, pointed, and practical, without being flippant or irreverent in tone, and he avoids the too common fault of preachers of setting up men of straw in order to knock them down. This remark applies especially to the last four, which deal with certain popular difficulties of religious belief.

The writer who calls himself "Zenas," and gives his book the equally enigmatic title of *Apologia ad Hebræos*, has convinced himself that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written from Rome before the great Fire by St. Paul, with the aid of St. Luke and St. Timothy, and was primarily addressed to the Philippians. He claims to have worked out his conclusions for himself from the text, with little or no aid from previous critics, or indeed acquaintance with them, and his method of procedure is first to construct an elaborate "biography" of St. Paul, and then to give a briefer notice of all the Apostolic Epistles in turn, except those of St. John. We doubt if he will be found to have thrown much new light on the subject, but he seems to have toiled with conscientious diligence through the task he had set himself.

If good preaching is rare, it is a still rarer gift to preach well to boys. It was possessed in a remarkable degree by Dr. Arnold and the late Head Master of Uppingham, while we have conspicuous living examples in the Dean of Llandaff, Archdeacon Farrar, and the present Head Master of Harrow. Dean James cannot quite be placed in the same category, but still his *Sermons preached in Rossall School Chapel* are good specimens of the right kind of school sermons. They are plain, direct, and to the point, without the mistake of preaching down to a merely childish capacity, and they gain much—as for instance in the last sermon—from appropriate illustrations.

Dr. Matheson's *Pealmet and Scientist* is the sequel and development of his former work, *Can the Old Faith Live with the New?* but it goes much further and lays itself open to more damaging criticism. His thesis is that religious emotion may survive and suffice when the doctrine it enshrined and accentuated has become obsolete, and he is indiscreet enough to cite Schleiermacher as a typical example. He forgets that one swallow does not make a spring, and that Schleiermacher's suicidal attempt to reconstruct the failing faith of Protestant Germany on an emotional basis, without dogmatic or historical support, proved a complete failure, and only found its natural outcome in the far abler and more consistent teaching of Strauss, who was his most illustrious disciple.

Mr. Hockin's *John Wesley*, which has already reached a fourth edition, is too well known to need any recommendation of ours. Its object is to prove, as it does most conclusively prove from



Wesley's own explicit statements, that on every disputed question—including such critical points as the Real Presence and Sacrifice of the Eucharist, auricular confession, and prayer for the dead—the great founder of modern Dissent was to the last a pronounced High Churchman. It would be interesting to know how many of those who bear his name in the present day agree with him.

The object of Mr. Birks's *Studies of St. Peter* is not critical but devotional, and he has designedly avoided discussing controversial questions such as the meaning of preaching to the spirits in prison. His book seems well adapted for its professed purpose of encouraging an intelligent and religious daily study of the Bible.

Under the obscure, not to say misleading, title of *Religio Viatoris* a writer who withholds his name, but who may be pretty certainly identified on internal evidence with a high Roman dignitary in this country, gives a brief but lucid summary of his grounds for believing in theism, revelation, and historical Christianity, as presented in "the (Roman) Catholic Faith" as the substance of revelation. He cannot expect to carry all his readers with him, especially in his fourth section, which argues *à priori* and rather too glibly to be very persuasive, and passing a wet sponge over all historical difficulties, for the necessary infallibility of the Pope. Throughout indeed there are obvious *lacunæ* in the argument, as e.g. when it is urged that the goodness of the Creator is no more impeached by animals preying on each other than by men being allowed to eat meat. But the force of the alleged objection, *valeat quantum*, lies precisely in the wanton cruelties many kinds of animals often inflict on their prey, for no apparent purpose unless for the sake of torturing it.

Mr. Auchmuty argues from the Parable of *Dives and Pauper*, as he phrases it, that the distinction of rich and poor is unscriptural, and the drift of the volume which takes its name from the opening sermon is to preach the Gospel of Socialism. As might be expected, he interprets the Bible—very dogmatically—by the aid of such high theological authorities as Mr. William Morris and the author of *Natural Religion*.

We have next on our list two volumes of Sermons by Dr. Salmon, with whose masterly *Introduction to the New Testament* many of our readers will be familiar, as one of the best and most thorough exposures of the modern destructive criticism. They take their titles respectively from the opening sermons, *Non-Miraculous Christianity* and *Gnosticism and Agnosticism*, and deal, as is natural in discourses addressed mainly to academical audiences, not so much with purely theological questions—in which the author does not seem so much at home—as with ethical subjects and the claims of the Christian Revelation in face of modern science and the sceptical assault. It is of course impossible within our present limits to attempt any sort of analysis of the argument, but it exhibits throughout the clear logical grasp, comprehensive learning, and strong common sense—devoted to the uncompromising vindication, not of some vague and misty religionism, but of historical Christianity, as a Divine revelation—which mark the author's previous writings. As he puts it, "a non-miraculous Christianity is as much a contradiction in terms as a quadrangular circle; when you have taken away the supernatural, what is left behind is not Christianity."

Canon Scott Holland's last batch of St. Paul's Sermons, published under the rather perplexing title *Christ or Ecclesiastes*, is also designed as a warning that to surrender to scientific criticism "the supernatural setting of the faith" means really "to retreat within the joyless shadows of the Preacher," and lose the true key of life and spiritual energy. The line of reasoning, if less elaborate, is more direct and stirring than in *Creed and Character*; its appeal however is to the spiritual instinct in man, and will fall flat on the mere scientific expert. Its general tone may be illustrated by a characteristic passage in the last, and most striking, sermon in the volume, where the preacher is deprecating the vulgar fallacy that only the miseries of life suggest the need of retribution beyond the grave; "Our human successes breed arguments at least as valid and as impressive; our poor successes that carry with them a sadder lesson of our limitation, and our impotence, than all our distresses. It is the ragged and fragmentary character of our best success that so emphatically disproves our consummation to be here on earth."

We must confess to a decided dislike of compilations of "Elegant Extracts" by a second hand, even when taken from the Bible or from the great masters of human thought, like Shakespeare, and while there is still greater inconvenience in the method of manipulating a living writer, there is less excuse for it. The process is necessarily an arbitrary and scrappy one, and can give us no real knowledge of an author, but only at best of the compiler's estimate of him, especially where, as in these *Thoughts on Revelation and Life*, the average length of the extracts—which are often much shorter—is only about half a page. And such treatment is peculiarly inapplicable to the subtle and delicate genius of a writer like Dr. Westcott, who requires *à ruisseau* to be read consecutively to be understood. That over 400 pages from so fruitful and suggestive a teacher must contain much that is interesting is obvious, but just as we get interested we are pulled up sharp by the end of the extract, and no references are given. It is fair however to say that the selections appear to have been made with tact and judgment.

## BOOKS ON IRELAND.\*

WE have seen Lord Grey's book on Ireland called, by a Gladstonian, a melancholy book. It certainly is, though in no Gladstonian sense. We have in it the thoughts of one of the most thoughtful and experienced of English politicians on a subject which, during the whole of his long life, has constantly engaged the statesmen of his own party; and it is in effect one of the most humiliating confessions of failure and incompetence on their part that has ever been written or that could ever be written. When we see a staunch Liberal like Earl Grey inclining to the solution of suspending Parliamentary government altogether in Ireland for some considerable time, no other proof ought to be wanted, to a tolerably intelligent man, of the fatal results of Liberal policy during the past sixty years. Even now we are not sure that Lord Grey is wholly resipiscant on his party's behalf. He admits to the very full the disastrous character of the Liberal legislation of the last twenty years; but he seems to keep up a little Nelsonic blindness to the fact that the *causa malorum* lay much earlier. He still talks, though he is strongly opposed to the form of its Disestablishment, of the "injustice" of the Established Church in its former form, of the "intolerable oppression" of the tithes, of the "just claims" of the Roman Catholic population, and so forth. Alas! it is exactly talk of this kind that has brought on our present plight. If because a majority of the inhabitants of Ireland chose to deprive themselves of the benefit of, and to be hostile to, the Church of Ireland as appointed by the Government or Governments of the United Kingdom, and as representing an unbroken title for seven hundred years at least, it was "unjust" to maintain that Church, we at least cannot see how it can be otherwise than unjust to maintain a civil government to which a majority of the inhabitants of Ireland (if not such a large majority) maintain the same attitude of opposition. Once admit that the caprice of a majority of any fraction of the State may dictate to the State, and Mr. Gladstone's position follows, if not at once, yet by easy steps. We know that Lord Grey's own views, if carried out, would have obviated much of the dangerous results of the early "concessions," of emancipation, of tithe relief, and so forth; and we acknowledge his wisdom therein. But we fear the old "Liberal" leaven in him is still too strong to let him wholly confess the origin of the evil, the fatal admission that the mere wishes of a fraction of a fraction of the people of a country can make "justice." It would be almost too much, however, that a man in his position should be asked to admit, plain and plump, a position which proves Tories, and Tories only, to have been wise, to grant that "the fools were right" and not foolishly right all through. But except for this general and somewhat abstract question, the wisdom of the book, both as to the past and as to the future, is undeniable.

There may be two opinions about the healthiness of that state of the public mind in which it is necessary to provide the sovereign people with Shorter Catechisms of the true faith on questions of politics; but there can be little question of the excellence of the Shorter Catechism of Unionism which Sir George Baden Powell, assisted by the best authorities of the Kingdom, has provided. With the Duke of Argyll writing on some inconsistencies of Gladstonian Home Rule, Lord Derby on the plain man as a Liberal-Unionist, Lord Bramwell (a most refreshing screed) on "What Home Rule Means," Mr. Frederick Pollock on the compatibility of Home Rule and Imperial sovereignty, Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald on Irish Home Rulers as they are, and not as they appear to the guileless mind of Sir William Harcourt to be; Lord Hartington on Separatist demands and Unionist remedies, Lord Selborne on Home Rule in law, Lord Basing (Mr. Selator Booth) on administrative difficulties of Home Rule, and Mr. Lecky on the interesting, and to Separatists, as we know, specially heartrending, question why Mr. Lecky is not a Home Ruler, a sufficiently good bill of fare was provided already. But the editor has very properly looked to the fringes as well as the centre of the question, and has dealt by himself with the Separatist *aporia* from colonial self-government, and by his most sufficient deputy, Professor Vambéry, with Mr. Freeman's favourite case of Croatia. The contents of the book are not in all cases new, but new and old are excellently selected and blended together, and the whole may be recommended as a catholicon to the faint-hearted, the ignorant, or the inquisitive on this great subject. We should like it to be read side by side with the *Handbook of Home Rule* to show the overpowering character of the Unionist argument; but lazy people may, if they like, dispense with this addition.

We trust that we shall not be regarded as guilty of disrespect to Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the law if we pass Mr. Digby Seymour's book with much shorter notice than the two books

\* Ireland. By Earl Grey. London: Murray. 1888.

*The Truth about Home Rule*. Edited by Sir George Baden Powell, K.C.M.G., M.P. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1888.

*Home Rule and State Supremacy*. By W. Digby Seymour, Q.C. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

*English History from Contemporary Writers—Stromglov's Conquest of Ireland*. Edited by F. P. Barnard. London: Nutt. 1888.

*The Life of St. Patrick*. By W. B. Morris. Third edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1888.

*Rolls Series—Tripartite Life of St. Patrick*. Edited by Whitley Stokes. 2 vols. London: at Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1888.

*Facts about Ireland: a Curve History*. By A. B. MacDowall. London: Stanford.

before it. In the first place, a fancy draft of an Irish Federal Union Bill by a lawyer and politician of no great eminence shows that Mr. Digby Seymour has failed to appreciate the fact that principles, and not details, are at stake. In the second place, one single sentence of Mr. Seymour's shows that in principles, as well as in details, he has failed to grasp the subject. Comparing—the fact of the comparison would be almost enough—Mr. Dicey's reasoning with Mr. Justin McCarthy's, he asks plaintively, "How can England have a case against Home Rule if Ireland has a case for it?" And he goes off into a kind of belly-and-members justification. Why thus:—You may cut off a gangrened limb to save the body; you can never, unless you are mad, gangrene the body to save the limb. And so farewell to Mr. Digby Seymour.

Mr. Barnard's contribution to Mr. York Powell's well-imagined catena of *English History from Contemporary Writers* is an excellent piece of work, and one very timely at the present moment. So well and completely done is it, that we find but two things which we care to censure, and one of those is due to Mr. Barnard's over-respect for a Rolls editor, not to his own laches. He should not be guilty of the silly affectation of calling Vikings "Wickings," and for this he is liable himself to horsing and stripes. In the following passage his sin is faith merely. "As Mr. Dimock remarks," he tells us, "this [the Anglo-Norman Poem on the Conquest of Ireland] was just such a Chanson de Geste as would be chanted in many a Norman hall," &c. &c. Now, unluckily for Mr. Dimock and Mr. Barnard, the poem in question is, in form, such as no Chanson de Geste—the form of which is nearly as severely fixed and as germane to its definition as the form of a Sapphic ode—ever was or ever could be. But this does not matter much, though it is always to be regretted that scholarly persons should use terms of scholarship as if they had no scholarly import or connotation. The purely historical work is very well done, and the little book is made attractive to that youth for which it is composed by illustrations at least as good as can be expected for the modest price of it. Considering the way in which, we fear to a greater and greater extent, history is getting written to order (for the increased examination of documents matters not one straw if the result of it is affected by prejudice), it becomes more and more necessary that the documents themselves should be within the reach of everybody. Mr. Barnard has arranged his materials with sufficient care, and we have but to find fault with his giving a translation into doggerel eights and sixes of the Poem, instead of turning it into workmanlike prose. Giraldus, of course, is the most largely drawn upon, not without a wise caution as to his idiosyncrasies. But the rare Irish authorities are also given after approved translations, the other Latin chroniclers besides Giraldus are duly laid under contribution, and the whole is a satisfactory performance of a very useful task.

In saying that it is rather unfortunate that the third edition of Father Morris's *Life of St. Patrick* should have appeared at the same time as Professor Whitley Stokes's edition of the *Tripartite Life* of that Saint, we desire to guard against one possible misinterpretation. Nothing in the documents now put more conveniently before students than in the *Trias Thaumaturga* of Colgan (a Latin version), and the *Life* by Miss Cusack (an English one), tends in the least to impugn the learned Oratorian's good faith. Father Morris is too much of an historical student not to give up, though, as he says, "with a pang," the fantastic, if not ungraceful, legends of St. Patrick's youth which the Irish hagiographers imagined, as inconsistent with St. Patrick's own words. Whenever he gives himself leave to be critical there is no fault at all to be found with his criticism. The "misfortune" lies in the inevitable comparison between a man who has no general thesis to prove and one who has a vast and complicated collection of theses at which he has to be constantly casting side glances for fear of saying something contrary to them. We could pass Father Morris's (in the circumstances) particularly ungenerous side hits at the "Anglo-Irish Establishment" with no other remark than that they are unworthy of him. We could only rejoice in his citation of such silly inurbanity as Cardinal Newman's remark that he should hesitate to believe in a miracle if related of "a member of Parliament, a bishop of the Establishment, or a Wesleyan preacher" with no further comment than, for such a reputed master of dialectics, the Cardinal gave the Wesleyan preacher *beau jeu* in retorting. The extraordinary exaggeration of his language about an amiable writer of verse like Mr. Aubrey De Vere might be allowed to pass almost unnoticed. But when we come to such a passage as the following, then the hopeless bondage in which an orthodox Roman Catholic historian lies is seen at once. It is well known to all students that St. Patrick in his *Confessio* mentions quite naturally, and without any comment, the fact that his father and grandfather were both in Holy Orders. This fact, indeed, is, as Mr. Stokes incidentally remarks, one of the chief proofs of the authenticity and date of the *Confessio*. Further, the early Irish hagiographers take the fact of a married clergy as simply as their master. Yet what does Father Morris say? "When, therefore, he mentions that his father and grandfather were in Holy Orders, we must suppose either that the ancient copyist has made a mistake or else that the Saint is alluding to what has been permitted in all ages of the Church to married men, like St. Gregory of Nyssa and St. Hilary, who have been allowed to take Holy Orders when separated from their wives by death or mutual consent." In other words, rather than admit the obvious and common-sense meaning, which might, though supported by innumerable other historical proofs, run counter to

an opinion of our own, let us either put a perfectly gratuitous and non-natural gloss on the text, or shipwreck its authority by suggesting that the copyist has made a mistake! We could hardly wish for a more fatal example of a method which may be the method of faith, but is certainly not that of history. We should add that, if Father Morris could get rid of his terrier-like attitude of snapping at the "Protestant round the corner," he would be an excellent literary companion, and that we have no quarrel at all with his attitude on the question of miracles in itself.

The relief of getting rid of the said "Protestant round the corner" without the fear of a Roman round the corner in his place is very great to the reader of Dr. Stokes's book. There is to be found here, prefaced by an ample introduction, well annotated and supplemented, a collection of all the important early documents—the *Tripartite Life*, the precious *Confessions* and *Letters to the Subjects of Coroticus*, the Latin and Irish hymns of Secundinus and Fiacc, and a great collection of miscellaneous extracts from the Book of Armagh downwards. The *Confessions* and the *Letters* are admittedly among the most interesting first-hand documents as to early Christian missions existing; both the hymns have a certain vigour about them which is not common. As for the *Life* and the minor hagiological documents, the interest of them depends on more things than one. To the Voltairian, and even to some extent to the Gibbonian (though Gibbon himself had far too much historic sense wholly to despise such matters), they may be merely extravagant fiction, lacking alike taste, sense, and interest of subject. To more fortunately constituted persons they will be frequently interesting, even in themselves, and almost always capable of serving, if properly used, as valuable sources of social, religious, literary, and, now and then, political history.

Mr. MacDowall's *Curse History*, though something of a concession to a statistical fad of the time, serves as a useful book of reference, always provided that its statistics are not worked too hard. The celebrated curve of Mr. O'Brien's fighting weight in his prison battle with the Evil One—which the Evil One made such good fun of in the House of Commons—is not here, but many other things are. Emigration and pigs are the most wildly erratic; education the most constant in improvement. Now such Philistines are we that we should have been better pleased if emigration and pigs had steadily gone up, even if education had as steadily gone down.

#### THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST.\*

WE hardly know how to name the author of *The Land Beyond the Forest*. She figures on her title-page under her maiden name of "E. Gerard," but she is the wife of an Austrian officer of rank, who happens to have been quartered for many years in the eastern provinces of the empire. Miss Gerard, as we must call her for convenience, is one of the most fascinating of our lady novelists. In *Reata* she transported us to the forests of Mexico, and painted their semi-tropical luxuriance with such vividly realistic picturesqueness that it was hard to believe she had never visited the country. In her *Baths of Hercules* she laid the scenes on the borderland of Roumania and Transylvania, and we need not say that they lost nothing by her personal familiarity with them. It was in the spring of 1883 that her husband was appointed to the command of the cavalry brigade in Transylvania. To Miss Gerard, with her intense appreciation of all that is wild and romantic, the change from the monotony of garrison life in the dull Galician plains was a welcome one. She had still to put up with much social dullness and to endure many domestic tribulations; but the new existence smacked of adventure, as it opened up a bright field of fresh experiences. In the land where she was to be shifting her residences for two years there was still some survival of what "Eothen" styles the splendour and havoc of the East. The manners and the massive municipal architecture reminded her of the days when the Turks were still the terror of Europe, and even now she finds civilization everywhere rubbing shoulders with semi-barbarism. There was a contact, although no blending of races, that showed many a point of striking contrast, but had scarcely a quality in common. One town was an immemorial settlement of the Saxons; the adjacent villages might be Hungarian or Roumanian. When the nationalities had come together under the same municipal authority, each confined itself to its own quarter, and intermarriages were altogether the exception. The forests and the roads were frequented by great gangs of gipsies, illuminating the darkness with the glimmer of their campfires, who were governed by their own immutable laws, though they set authority, so far as they dared, at defiance. It was emphatically a land of legend and romance; each town had religiously preserved its special memories and traditions; all of them had stood many sieges in their time, and most had been repeatedly stormed and sacked. In one of the races the Reformation had struck ineradicable roots, and the Calvinistic creed had survived through the decay of secular institutions; in others religion had been degenerating into superstition, while another was veritably heathen, with no religion of any kind. The gloom of the forests, the solitudes of the hill pastures, had predisposed the peasants to fantastic credulity. With scarcely an exception they

\* *The Land Beyond the Forest: Facts, Figures, and Fancies from Transylvania.* By E. Gerard, Author of "Reata" &c. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.



firmly believed in signs and omens, in spectres and vampires and wehr-wolves, and all the horrors of a semi-pagan mythology. Living penuriously through great part of the year, the people celebrated feasts, and sometimes held riot on holy-days; recalled the triumphs or calamities of the past by processions on memorable anniversaries; and solemnized their marriages, births, and burials with a succession of intolerably wearisome rites. That old-world life with its picturesque Oriental tinge awakened the sympathies and excited the fancy of the author of *Reata*. She recorded her first impressions in sundry contributions to magazines, and when she had left a country to which she wistfully looked back, she resolved to collect and connect these impressions. The work grew and expanded under her hand, and the result is the volumes we are reviewing. So far as she professes to go it is almost exhaustive of its subject. There is a solid substructure of historical facts and statistics which enables us to follow with intelligent interest the chapters that deal with the poetical side of the "Land Beyond the Forest." There are graphic descriptions of the Transylvanian scenery in its various aspects, and, should any one care to travel there or to emigrate thither, he will find abundance of practical information in these pages, although it may not be altogether encouraging.

The three important races are the Magyars, the Saxons, and the Roumanians. It is the Magyars, of course, who rule the others, and there is no mistake as to their thorough-going methods of Government. They tolerate no sentimental nonsense as to provincial Home Rule. They have resolved "by pursuance of an inflexible policy to sacrifice all alien considerations to purely Hungarian interests, and impose their own nationality on all without exception." Hungarian is taught in all the schools and is the language of the Courts of Justice. Indeed, the system is carried so far that many criminals are tried and condemned without understanding a word of the evidence or of the arguments on either side. Serbs, Saxons, Roumanians, &c., grumble, but are compelled to acquiesce, and seem gradually to be resigning themselves to the yoke. In Miss Gerard's opinion the Hungarians have chosen the wiser of two difficult and dangerous courses. Suppression undoubtedly has its perils and inconveniences, yet a system of concessions would have been simply suicidal. But she believes that the outlook for Hungary is at the best gloomy. "Should the Balkan races begin to agitate ere Hungary has accomplished her Herculean task" (that of consolidating her strength as a nation), "then her downfall is certain." In Transylvania 650,000 Magyars have to deal with twice the number of sullen Roumanians and with upwards of 200,000 sturdy Saxons. The Saxons are the lineal descendants of the German colonists who were tempted into the country in the thirteenth century, and they have ever since kept together in their semi-patriarchal communities. Miss Gerard found them respectable rather than attractive. The Saxon is stiff and formal, prudent and penurious. He does not indulge in romantic fancies or reckless marriages, nor does he increase and multiply like the impulsive Roumanians. His marriage is always a matter of bargain, and the future comfort of his household must be assured. Nor does he waste his substance in entertaining strangers, and he rather prides himself on refusing the hospitality which his Hungarian neighbours offer all comers as a matter of course. In his towns and villages everything is solid and meant for endurance, in striking contrast with the Roumanian collections of tumble-down hovels of mud. Each house stands gable-on to the wide main street, with a spacious courtyard behind, surrounded by the sheds that shelter the cattle, the horses, and the buffaloes. The clustering of the farmsteads within the enceinte of fortified walls is a survival of the times when the farmers lived in terror of Turkish invasions. The walls were protected by loop-holed towers at short intervals; the very churches, which stood for the most part on commanding heights, were formidable places of defence, encircled by extensive outworks. Sometimes they are within triple lines of walls, and the remains of the moats and drawbridges are still visible. In those days stores of provisions were laid in, in prospect of possible sieges; the custom still exists, and is become a veritable mania, strangely in contrast with the parsimonious habits of the people. "One village prides itself on having the greatest quantity of bacon, much of which is already thirty or forty years old, and consequently totally unfit for use; while in another the oldest grain is the great speciality." In fact, forethought is carried to such an extreme that the thrifty peasant takes care to provide himself a coffin, picking up the timber cheap, and having time to satisfy himself conscientiously of its soundness. He deals in similar fashion with death and the doctors, and it is a marvel how the doctor manages to live. He is seldom called in till the patient's cure is hopeless, and then the dying man often declines to swallow the medicine, which has clearly come too late to do him any good.

As for the Roumanians, they are as careless as the Saxons are provident. As the Roumanian, like his neighbour the gipsy, can live on next to nothing, he is quite easy as to the future of his numerous progeny. His staple food is maize-corn flour, sometimes mixed with a little milk. The children are taught to help their parents by going to the woods to steal firewood almost as soon as they are able to toddle. A young married couple may be more easily and cheaply started in the world than even among the Crofters of the Hebrides. "In actual possession of a calf, the Roumanian lad considers himself a made man." The hovel of mud or clay is thatched with reeds or shingles. Yet he is said to show extraordinary natural taste in decorating the wattle interior; the walls are glowing with coarse engravings of holy pictures; the rude furniture is brightly painted; and the women can turn out

gorgeously striped stuffs from the primitive weaving-loom that are to be seen in every cottage. Miss Gerard remarks that their faults are the faults of slaves. Oppressed and persecuted from the prehistoric period, accustomed to work for their masters and not for themselves, they are lazy, cunning, and deceitful. Greatly addicted as they are to violent outbreaks of passion, the gust passes over as quickly as it blows up, from a well-founded apprehension of the consequences. Degraded as they have long been, the spirit of nationality is strongly stirring among them, and the foundation of the Roumanian kingdom under a Hohenzollern Prince is another trouble for the Magyars. It is significant that the King of Roumania's portrait may often be seen in Transylvanian hovels, but never that of the Austrian Emperor. There is an interesting chapter on Roumanian poetry; for, rude and uneducated as the people are, the language is fairly rich in legendary ballads and folklore songs. If the Roumanians have been oppressed, the gipsies have always been treated with exceptional consideration in the Hungarian provinces; they have found congenial breathing space on the boundless plains and secure retreats in the pathless forests; and at the present day, in Transylvania alone, it is computed that there are no fewer than 80,000 Tziganes. As for the most part the scattered bands are perpetually on the move, to take an exact census must be impossible, but with the steady increase of cultivation and population, they are beginning to abandon their wandering habits. Most of the towns and villages have their faubourgs of gipsy hovels. Of course, when they sit down in permanent homes, they take up some kind of occupations, but their tastes are naturally capricious, and they detest any regular industry. It would appear that pilfering and music are their favourite pursuits. Perhaps the fascination the gipsy musicians can exercise on Magyars of all classes partly explains the exceptional toleration they have always enjoyed. The Tzigane throws his soul and being into the melody, and plays on, without a symptom of weariness, like a man who is possessed or inspired. He sets the feet of the peasants in perpetual motion at their rustic merry-makings, and supplies the orchestras at the fashionable balls in the great cities. The gipsy bands in the cities have put on a certain artificial polish; "but intrinsically they are the same as their more vagabond brethren, and their eye never loses the semi-savage glitter, reminding one of a half-tamed animal." "Under the influence of Tzigane music, a Hungarian is capable of flinging about his money with the most reckless extravagance, fifty, a hundred, a thousand florins, and more, being sometimes given for the performance of a single melody." Miss Gerard closes her book with picturesque descriptions of the wild scenery of the gorges in the mountain boundary that divides the "Land beyond the Forest" from Roumania. Gloom and desolation seem to be the prevailing characteristics, though in the summer season the solitudes surrounding the *châteaux* are enlivened by the bleating of the sheep, lost to sight in the rifts and clefts of almost inaccessible precipices, but which, nevertheless, respond readily to the cry of the shepherd, whom they know as their protector against bears and wolves.

#### PHEASANT-REARING AND GROUSE-DRIVING.\*

THIS little volume is both useful and instructive to those who are interested in the rearing of pheasants, and in grouse-driving. It supplies a want very much felt by those who are trying to get up and maintain their shooting, but who, having been unable to gain practical experience, are completely in the hands of their keepers, who, either by dishonesty, laziness, or ignorance, cause them much expense, with very poor results. The perusal of this little volume may enable them to "see through" the "set excuses" that are offered to them by their keepers in exculpation of themselves for their want of success. Nobody is more competent to give valuable hints than Mr. Lloyd-Price. He has reduced the art of game-rearing and preserving to a science, as his friends well know.

This little book begins with an amusing dedication to Lord de Grey, who is unanimously accorded the honour of being the best shot of the day. Mr. Lloyd-Price shows his sense of humour all through the book, and we almost wish that he had sacrificed some of his jokes in giving his ideas to the public about the best pheasantries to be built, with full particulars as to whether to have them open at the top to allow the wild cock birds to come in, or to have them covered over with wire and the cock birds kept in with the hens. We feel sure that there are many points regarding the measurements, building, &c., of pheasantries that would be eagerly read and sought after by neophytes in game-rearing, and we trust that Mr. Lloyd-Price may see his way to giving his valuable experience on the subject at some future day. He animadverts on the extremely bad maternal qualities of the "wild" hen pheasant; but we think he might have said in justification of her that these *lâches* are owing chiefly to her own artificial rearing, and that in places where the rearing of "tame pheasants" has been given up and only a stock of wild game kept, these hens become year by year more careful and acute in bringing up their offspring, and, by becoming really wild, attain to a degree of self-reliance and intelligence in these matters that the half-tame bird does not possess.

We should strongly recommend that this most interesting little

\* *Practical Pheasant-rearing and Grouse-driving.* By R. J. Lloyd-Price. London: "Field" Office.

book be put into the hands of all keepers, in the hopes that it may eradicate many of the old-fashioned and erratic fallacies that most of those gentry indulge in, and whose ignorance and obstinacy combined make them turn a deaf ear to advice, as they generally have a notion that their masters are hopelessly ignorant on the subject, as, alas! many are.

There is one most valuable hint about grouse-driving that we wish especially to refer to, and that is Mr. Lloyd-Price's advice to put up posts at the corners of the "butts," so as to prevent the "dangerous" hands from following their birds round, and then "loosing off" all down the line of "butts," and "peppering" many of their friends. There are but few of us, indeed, who have not suffered the agonies of fear of impending danger, if not of being actually bit, at the hands of some of these excitable sportsmen, and we know from practical experience that the adoption of this suggestion "calms each fear," and is productive of better shooting in consequence.

This portion of the work makes us long that the month of August was at hand; and, taken as a whole, this little book is most useful and instructive, and we feel that a debt of gratitude is owing to Mr. Lloyd-Price for imparting so freely, so clearly, and in such an entertaining manner that fund of knowledge on the subject, which can only be acquired at a place like Rhiwlas, at great expense, and after many years of practical devotion to the object in view.

#### MEDICAL BOOKS.\*

THE public stands much in need of some trustworthy instruction as to how to preserve its health. Many of the books which have been written, professedly with the object of imparting such knowledge, have dealt with the treatment of diseases, and thus run counter to the undoubted truth contained in the misquotation that "the man who is his own physician has a fool for a patient." We regret to say that many others have been thinly-veiled advertisements of the professional talents of their authors. We are both grieved and astonished by the fact that boys and girls are usually sent out into the world without the slightest intelligent knowledge of their own bodies or how to take care of them. We cannot doubt that much misery and vice arise from this cause. Mr. Morris's *Book of Health* is intended to remedy this unnatural state of things, and would form a useful text-book for use in the upper forms of schools. The introductory chapter is written by Mr. Savory, and gives a lucid and simple description of the organic and animal functions of the human body. On food and feeding Sir Rieadon Bennett gives sound advice, and corrects the many popular errors on the subject. Since the death of Dr. Anstie probably no physician has studied the effects of alcohol on the system more closely than Dr. Brunton. Hence his carefully-written paper on this subject is of great value. His conclusions will prove disappointing, both to those who hold extreme views as to the benefits to be derived from the consumption of this substance, and to the total abstainers who are never tired of denying its utility under any circumstances whatever. The frequent substitution of "will" for "shall" unmistakably indicates the land of the author's birth. On the subject of "Education and the Nervous System" Sir James Crichton-Browne speaks with well-merited authority, and his opinions are to be commended to the earnest consideration of parents, guardians, and others occupied in the care and tuition of the young. Though practically, and perhaps unavoidably, much neglected by the dwellers in towns, exercise is theoretically admitted by all to be essential to the retention of high health. In what manner and with what precautions it should be taken is ably set forth by Mr. James Cantlie, who we should imagine is himself somewhat of an athlete. Mr. Frederick Treves tells us that

the perfect dress . . . should afford proper protection to the body, and should preserve in it a proper degree of warmth . . . without interference with any natural function, and without limitation of any natural movement . . . in conformity, so far as the above requirements will allow, with the tastes and fashion of the time and with the dictates of modesty.

How this ideal may best be realized he with much success endeavours to indicate. The articles by Dr. Pollock and Mr. Murphy on healthy surroundings and homes are full of common sense. All travellers will be thankful for the thoughtful remarks of Dr. J. Russell Reynolds on "Travelling: its Influence on Health." The "little ones" will owe many thanks to Dr. Cheadle if their mothers will read and profit by his instructions. Dr. Duke's familiarity with school life and its dangers gives him a peculiar right to instruct us on the maintenance of "Health at School." Matters concerning the eye and ear are discussed with the ability which we should expect in such masters of these specialties as Mr. Power and Mr. Field. We are glad to observe that the paper devoted to the consideration of "The Throat, Voice, and Speech" has been written by a general physician of such eminence as Dr. Bristowe. Mr. Tomes contributes a concise little article on the teeth and their management. The editor gives an excellent description of the skin, hair, and nails, together with directions

\* *The Book of Health*. Edited by Malcolm Morris. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

*Insanity and Allied Neuroses*. By George H. Savage, M.D., F.R.C.P. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

*Materia Medica and Therapeutics*. By J. Mitchell Bruce, M.A., M.D. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

for maintaining them in proper condition. The subject of the preservation of health in India is exhaustively treated by Sir Joseph Fayrer and Dr. Ewart. Dr. Herman Weber contributes a practical treatise on climate and health resorts.

Twelve years' experience fully entitles Dr. Savage to place before the medical profession the conclusions at which he has arrived with regard to the causation, nature, and treatment of the various forms of mental aberration. We entirely endorse his opinion that there is no natural standard of sanity, though, for legal purposes, an artificial, but very imperfect, one has necessarily been created. His statement that "No person is perfectly sane in all mental faculties, any more than he is perfectly healthy in body," is absolutely and undeniably true. He also points out that, although the collapse often comes suddenly, symptoms of unsoundness of mind have generally been present at long antecedent periods of the patient's life-history. In common with most other physicians, the author looks upon heredity as the most general predisposing cause of mental disease, but not by any means the only one. The exciting causes—i.e. the actual starting-points of the departure from mental health—are considered at length, and many illustrative cases are given. Dr. Savage has devoted a chapter to the consideration of the vexed question of the responsibility of lunatics, and shows that the difficulties of it principally arise from the fact that no definite line of demarcation can be drawn between the sane and the insane. We regard this book as a valuable contribution to the literature of a most important branch of medical science.

*Materia Medica and Therapeutics* is an excellent text-book for students and a useful supplement to the British Pharmacopoeia for practitioners of medicine. The frequent discovery of new drugs quickly renders every successive work on therapeutics obsolete, and necessitates revision at short intervals. In his fifth edition Dr. J. Mitchell Bruce has made such additions as are required by the physician's enlarged armamentarium.

#### SOME NEW MUSIC.

WE have been sent a Menuet Caprice for the pianoforte, composed by W. H. Bentley, published by the London Music Publishing Company; and, as it is marked Op. 1, No. 2, we imagine it must be the work of a young composer. It is a showy little piece, well suited to mild performers, as the technique is not difficult; and we see no reason why the composer should not rise to greater works. The name puzzles us much. Why is it called a Menuet? It has none of the characteristics of one, except that it is in three-time, and it misses altogether the essential stately grace and rhythm.

A long list comes from Reid Brothers, amongst them two pianoforte pieces by Ciro Fasoli. The first, "Marguerite Mazurka Caprice," is bright and sparkling, but with no great originality. Its second subject, or what we suppose might be called the "trio" (if such a term can be used in a mazurka), brings too striking a reminiscence of one of the airs in *Lucrezia Borgia*. All the same, this Mazurka has merit, and may help listeners to pass a cheery evening without much strain on their musical knowledge. "L'Etoile d'Amour," by the same composer, would be a pleasant valse to dance to, but has no characteristic to distinguish it from many other vales of the same kind.

Several songs, and a pianoforte work of Claude Melville, have been sent by the same publisher. The latter is called "La Reine," and is a thoroughly modern drawing-room piece, with a certain amount of brilliance; but we cannot imagine how it came by its title of "Ancienne danse de la cour." Mr. Claude Melville's song of "Oh that the dove's light wings were mine!" words by W. C. Newsam, is a descriptive song, where a "watery waste" and the point where the reciter feels "sorrowing, weary, and distressed," are very faithfully portrayed. There is a very curious false accent in the setting of the word "Hesperides," the syllable "Hes" being made quite short and set to a note on the fourth unaccented beat of the bar; "per" is given two notes, consisting of the first principal and second beat of the next bar; while "i" has an almost equally important post on the third and fourth beat. It has a most awkward effect. "Elysian Dreams," by the same composer and author (is it a joint partnership?), has a certain graceful swing about it, and is not so absolutely dreary as the former song. It may be an accurate description in music of the "Elysian Fields"; but certainly the sing-song, swinging rhythm is not exactly descriptive of the lines—

Till the Great Angel that shall come at last,  
Shall sound o'er earth and sea his clarion blast.

We suppose the violin part sent with this song is not considered at all essential, as it adds nothing either to the air or accompaniment, being almost always in unison with one or the other. "He giveth his beloved sleep," by the same dual authorship, is without any distinctive point, but may please those who like an eminently placid song.

Then we have a duet, "Sweetly the Nightingale," for soprano and tenor, where Mr. W. C. Newsam dissolves the partnership with Mr. Claude Melville, and combines the two offices of poet and composer. It is tuneful and of an engaging simplicity that ought to become popular, as it is so entirely within the compass of singers who only possess a very limited knowledge of music, time, and tune.



## FRENCH LITERATURE.

ARMAND BASCHET'S (1) name was well known to most students of diplomatic history, and Dr. Dufay has reminded his readers of a commendation of the then young *savant* which appeared in the *Saturday Review* five-and-twenty years ago. It was a little odd that Baschet should take to the laborious department of literature in which he made his reputation; for when he first went to Paris, just before the *Coup d'état*, he fell in and associated for a time almost exclusively with the extremist school of literature proper—Baudelaire, Champfleury, and their set—while his own actual literary start was made with enthusiastic essays on Balzac and *Voyages humoristiques* in the taste of the day. He soon drifted into documents, however, was able (being fairly well off) to indulge his taste without difficulty or hardship, spent years in overhauling the archives of Venice, Vienna, Paris, and London, edited one series of Calendars for the Master of the Rolls, and produced a great deal of historical material. Dr. Dufay has diversified his account of Baschet's life by some extracts from the documents he published, and has produced a very readable monograph.

The useful *Année Politique* for 1887, by André Daniel (Paris: Charpentier), needs but a line of mention. The narrative is well done, though it must always be matter of opinion whether it is wise in a book which must be chiefly, if not solely, useful as a book of reference to criticize as well as to narrate.

One of M. Rollot's (2) admiring friends, a professor not unknown to readers of the *Deux Mondes*, has, it seems, informed the poet that this is the poetry he has been waiting for during twelve years. Our memory does not, we confess, furnish us with any remarkable *point de repère* of the poetical kind in the year 1875-6; but if M. Louis Ganderax has at last found his sacred bard, there is, of course, nothing to do but to congratulate bard and worshipper. We should not ourselves have hailed the dawn of a new poetry in M. Rollot, though he certainly is not a mere Hugoist, or a mere decadent, or a mere belated Parnassian, or a mere blasphemer to order. We might describe him as a kind of Darwinian Lamartine; and he writes always with fluency, sometimes with force, and occasionally with melody. His notion of taking off your clothes and going on all fours through a wood to revive the soul by recollections of the arboreal animal is novel and striking. But the briars would certainly scratch; and the *gardes forestiers* might take you up.

Mme. Jeanne France has drawn in *Madame Fulbert* (3) a painful and partly powerful warning to French wives not to indulge in the pastime which most novelists represent as their sole recreation. The expiation of Valérie Vuillaume is certainly complete enough in all conscience; indeed, some of its effect is lost by the length and ferocity of the punishment. But we are afraid that the frail and fair will point out, first, that Valérie did not in the least love her lover, while they do love theirs, and, secondly, that her extraordinary brutality to him and to her child, and not her *crime d'amour*, was what brought judgment on her. M. Bonnetain's (4) study of French private soldier life is for a Naturalist book not very dirty; but it carries the Naturalist passion for the representation of situations of dull misery a little further than most. The work of Dostoieffsky (5) now presented by the indefatigable E. Halpérine (who either by much translation of Russian, or some other means, has become E. Halpérine-Kaminsky) consists of short stories in which, to our thinking, the author is stronger than in long ones.

We have also before us in the *Petite Bibliothèque Française* (Librairie des Bibliophiles) a slight but most pleasant little *berquinade* of M. Legouvé's called *Une dot*, which shows that the veteran hand has nowise lost its cunning; *Trois mots sur le Folapük*, by M. de la Sizeranne (Paris: Le Soudier), a subject of which we are heartily tired; a little notice of Mlle. Quinault's *Dîner du Bout-de-Banc*, by M. Ballieu (Paris: Dupret), which is interesting and readable as describing last-century manners; and a stout *Annuaire de l'enseignement*, edited by an Inspector-General, M. Jost (Paris: Colin). This last, which contains more than six hundred pages, includes a complete calendar list of the *personnel* of the Education Department in France, down to the directors and directresses of primary schools, an abstract of all legislation of the French Sessions of 1886-7 affecting education, and a series of articles on pedagogic subjects. Among these, one on over-driving in primary schools has the most general interest. We cannot say that M. Brunel, who is quite aghast at the idea of its being possible to teach children too much, either makes a very good case for his own view or even shows that he appreciates the facts.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A *STORY* of Active Service in Foreign Lands, by Surgeon-General A. Graham Young, is a volume made up of the author's correspondence between 1856 and 1882, and is, as might be expected, almost as void of "story" as the Needy Knife-

Grinder. There is too much of the ordinary tourist's description of foreign parts in these letters from South Africa, India, and China. No one cares to read for the hundredth time how Calcutta looks from the deck of a steamer on the Hooghly, or how the first sight of Hong Kong impresses the traveller. The most interesting portion of the book, and that which approaches nearer to sustained narrative, is an account of the war in China in 1860, the sacking of the Summer Palace and capture of Peking. But there is little vitality in these pages. Doubtless it is possible to compile a readable volume of old letters, but it is even more certain that Surgeon-General Graham has not succeeded in so doing.

Mr. Charles Duke Yonge's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, in the "Great Writers" series (Walter Scott), is a book that might prevail against the strenuous wrestling of the most patient reader. Naturally one marvels how it has come about that so indigestible a compound could be produced from Lockhart, for new biographies of Scott must necessarily proceed from Lockhart. There is enough, however, in Mr. Yonge's volume to make it doubtful whether he has read Lockhart, or, having read him, is conscious of his authority. His style, also, is of the kind that continually sends the reader back to master some tortuous period. At page 17 we have an alarming reference to an innocent publication, and one of the oddest illustrations of cause and effect conceivable:—"And as the title of the volume was *Tales of Wonder*, Scott bespoke the public favour for it by an 'Apology for Tales of Terror,' which was sufficiently ingenious, but which had a most disastrous effect on his subsequent fortunes, since it led him to form a connexion with a publisher named Ballantyne, whose unskilful management of his business eventually brought on Scott losses which nothing but his own strength of mind prevented from being absolutely ruinous." Mr. Yonge's criticism of poetry is quite as dark and wonderful as his style.

*The Romance of Life-Preservation*, by James Burnley (Allen & Co.), is a capital book for inquiring boys and full of attractiveness for the general reader. It is a collection of remarkable examples of all kinds of perils or disasters memorable by marvellous rescues or escapes. It treats of lifeboats, fire brigades, ambulance services, miners' lamps, and other appliances for the protection or preservation of human life. Life-preservation may of course be anything but romantic. The method of your sincere coddler is not very heroic. Mr. Burnley's book illustrates the romance of courage, endurance, and self-devotion in the hour of peril on land and sea and in many fields of enterprise. The vast subject is skillfully treated in this comprehensive and thoroughly readable compilation.

The fame of Hannah More has sadly dwindled, we fear, but it is right that among "Eminent Women" we should find *Hannah More*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Allen & Co.). Miss Yonge has shaped her work into a rather scrappy narrative, which is not altogether distinguished by the nice precision and lucidity of the eighteenth century. A reference to "Amos Cottle, bookseller"—and, let us add, epic poet—is by no means to be understood of the people, and from a sentence on page 114 it would appear doubtful whether Mason, or his tragedy *Caractacus*, is spoken of as "the friend and biographer of Gray."

Stage literature has always a following, and *Adelaide Ristori: an Autobiography* (Allen & Co.) ought to find many English readers, if only for the *tragédienne's* analytical studies of her favourite parts.

*Bishop Forbes: a Memoir*, by the Rev. Donald J. Mackey (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is a rather dry account of the life and work of one of the ablest heads of Scottish Episcopals. Much of the more interesting portion of the book will be found in the appendices. In the correspondence are several letters to Mr. Gladstone, one of which contains an odd reference to a "grand old man"—Dr. von Döllinger, to wit—who merits the familiar phrase because, "after all he has gone through," he remained hopeful for the future of Christianity.

An excellent handbook of English History, simple in method and clear in style, is Mr. Cyril Ransome's *Short History of England* (Rivingtons). The leading features are the very lucid statement of constitutional growth, the useful divisions into dynastic sections, and the handy chronological index, tables of genealogy, and key-maps. Altogether the book will be valued highly by teachers in lower forms who require a compact and complete history in miniature, and not an abridgment.

It is a little strange to read of a country once so famous for the excellence of its dairy products that dairy-farming, as a profitable undertaking, is very imperfectly understood in England. This is the melancholy reflection with which Mr. H. M. Upton introduces a practical and excellent handbook to the subject, *Profitable Dairy Farming* (Sampson Low & Co.). Archdeacon Denison once told the Somersetshire farmers how far they had fallen from the skill of their fathers in the making of cheese. Mr. Upton has less to say of latter-day degeneracy than of the prevalent ignorance of scientific methods and the general apathy that stifles all development of dairy-farming as a profitable industry. It is foreign competition that brings to light the present inadequate methods of English dairy-farming. Slovenly packing for markets, for instance, is only too common in this country, though the reverse is notorious of foreign dairy produce. Mr. Upton gives a striking example of this (p. 85).

Among our new editions are Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, in "Routledge's Pocket Library," a charming edition of an ingenious and thrilling romance; Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, "Camelot

(1) *Armand Baschet et son œuvre*. Par le Dr. Ch. Dufay. Paris: Rouquette.

(2) *Les chants de la vie*. Par H. Rollot. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Madame Fulbert*. Par Jeanne France. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Le nommé Perreux*. Par Paul Bonnetain. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *La femme d'un autre*. Par Th. Dostoieffsky. Paris: Plon.

Classics" (Scott); Izaak Walton's *Lives* in "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge); the third volume of Lord Tennyson's works, the *Idylls of the King*, complete, and illustrated by an engraving of Mr. Woolner's statue, "Guinevere" (Macmillan & Co.); Mr. Froude's *Bunyan*, "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan & Co.); the pocket-volume edition of *Devereux*, by Lord Lytton (Routledge); the fourth edition of Mr. Rowland Ward's *Sportsman's Handbook to Practical Collecting and Preserving of Trophies*, &c. (Rowland Ward and Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); and a second edition of Messrs. Emile Garcke and J. M. Fells's treatise, *Factory Accounts; their Principles and Practice* (Crosby Lockwood & Son).

We have also received the *Clergy List for 1888* (John Hall); the *Colonial Office List for 1888* (Harrison & Sons); the *Government Year Book*, edited by Lewis Sergeant (Fisher Unwin); the *Royal Kalendar for 1888* (Allen & Co.); and *The Advertiser's A B C* (T. B. Browne).

With reference to our review of his "Greek Religion and Mythology" Herr GRUPPE writes to us that the Reviewer, mistaking the sense of the word Religionsquelle, has attributed to him opinions which he does not hold. He means, not that intoxication is the origin of religion, but that in the oldest religious literary document—the earlier part of the Rig Veda—"intoxication forms a very important element of practical religion." Herr GRUPPE disclaims as "absurd" the theory "that drinking and religion were once very closely connected."

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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12,000. An East-End Committee ask help to continue a weekly allowance to a very respectable LABOURER of fifty. He suffers from Chronic Dyspepsia, and will never be able to work again. The man belongs to the Cornhill Fellow, but having been in receipt of sick pay so long, is now suspended for another twelve months.

12,254. Help is asked to continue a pension of 5s. weekly to a very respectable COUPLE of sixty-five. Man has been paralysed partially for the last six years, but can get about. He was in a club for many years, but it broke, and he was too old to join another. Two married sons and a daughter are helping, and clergy give 1s. a week. £6 10s. is still needed.

13,230. The Poplar Committee ask help to continue part pension to a most respectable COUPLE. Man is over eighty and suffers much with chalk gout; wife is seventy-two and cannot do anything. £5 17s. is still wanted.

12,448. £5 4s. needed to continue a pension to a respectable OLD COUPLE, aged sixty-seven. A married son and daughter are helping, and the clergyman gives 1s. a week. Man is a ship caulker, was in his Trade Society forty-three years, but from scarcity of work failed to keep up his contributions; they have never had parish relief.

14,239. £5 4s. required to make up an allowance of 8s. weekly for a respectable middle-aged WIDOW, suffering from a severe incurable disease. Relations and friends are helping, but above amount is still needed.

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Sewers' Office, Guildhall: HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

February 22, 1888.

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Parties sending in proposals must attend personally or by a duly authorized agent at Half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the conditions of sale.

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